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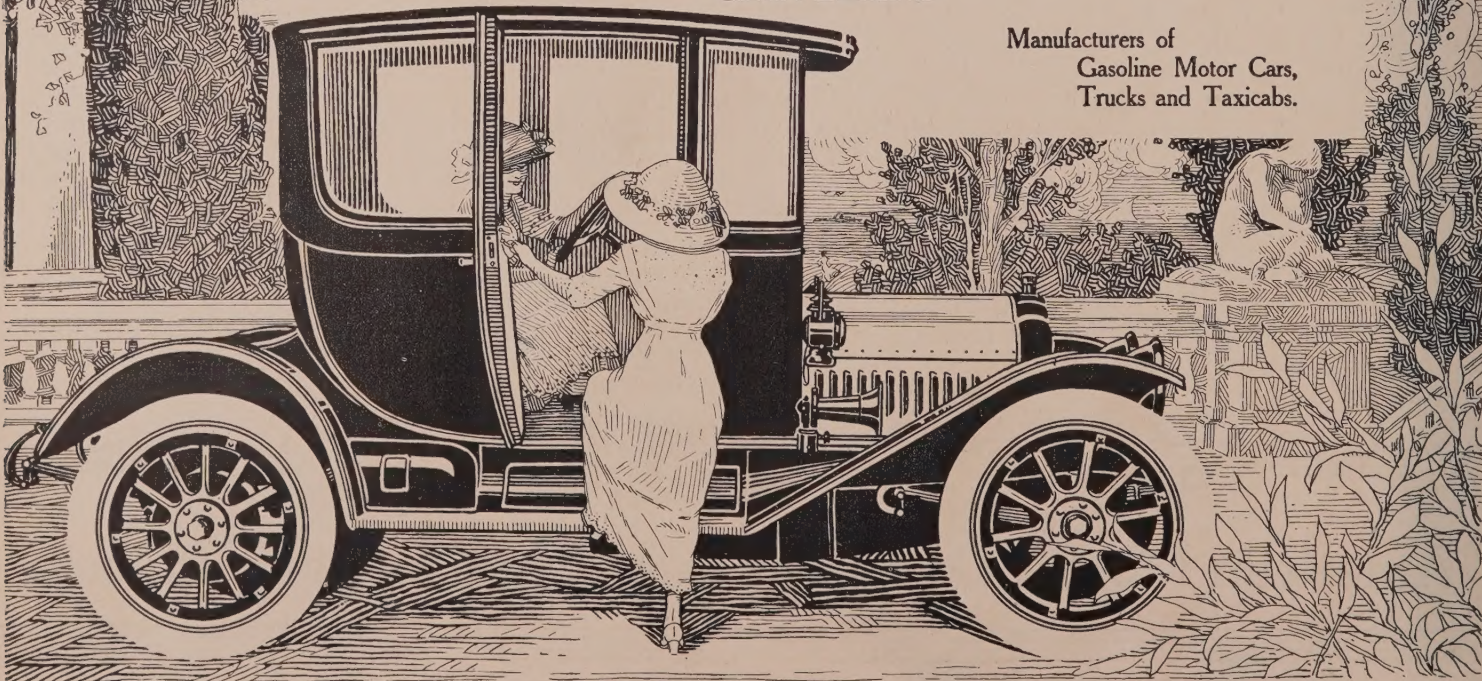
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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 141

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Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN

Now appearing at the Century Theatre in the title rôle of Pierre Loti's and Judith Gautier's play, "The Daughter of Heaven"



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



DALY'S THEATRE. "HENRY V." Play in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced September 30 with this cast:

Henry the Fifth.....	Lewis Waller	Pistol.....	Herbert Jarman
Duke of Gloucester.....	J. M. Wright	Charles VI.....	Frank McEntee
Duke of Bedford.....	Dixon Peters	Louis.....	Reginald Dane
Duke of Exeter.....	Wallace Erskine	Duke of Bergundy.....	J. H. Owen
Duke of York.....	M. Delaney	Constable of France.....	Henry Carvill
Archbishop of Canterbury.....	Douglas Ross	Isabel.....	Ina Rorke
Bishop of Ely.....	Arthur Wylie	Alice.....	Suzette Cotta
Sir Thomas Grey.....	Gordon Soames	The Hostess.....	Annie Hughes
Sir Thomas Erpingham.....	Thomas McLeod	Princess Katherine.....	Madge Titheradge
Williams.....	Frank Woolfe		
Capt. Fluellen.....	Alec. F. Thompson		
Nym.....	Thomas Louden		

There is a Shakespearian following in New York City, and it is a big one, too. Present the Bard in a playhouse at popular prices and the box office man has his hands full. Broadway audiences are not as poetically attuned, but be he high-brow or pin-head, he is a foolish theatre-goer who overlooks his opportunity to see "Henry V" so well produced.

This is the third production that Shakespeare's chronicle play has had here in thirty-seven years. The Rignold one at Booth's and the Mansfield one at the Garden were more elaborate spectacularly. But to bring out the merits of this splendid series of patriotic events, couched in such glowing language, it needs not the fresh gorgeousness so associated with comic opera. Mr. Waller's scenery, costumes and accessories are entirely adequate. They provide all that is needed for the eye, and the star and his associates do full justice to the stirring periods, humorous flashes and sentimental passages that mark the play in which the Master is said to have poured out his heart's best in the delineation of the Mad Cap Prince who became so excellent a King. The condensation of the text has been capably accomplished, and the arrangements of scenes is such that continuity, clarity and the unities are all observed.

Waller in the title rôle is at his heroic best. There is splendid dash and romance to his portrait, even if it lacks the great essential youth, but his reading is a delight to the ear, crisp, vivid and varied. The company, too, in its entirety reads well, while several of the players deserve special mention for their admirable work.

Miss Madge Titheradge makes a beautiful figure as Rumour, and declaims with really splendid dignity and expression. She doubles, too, the Princess Katherine, an impersonation of witching Gallic grace and charm.

Solid British worth and devotion are well expressed by Wallace Erskine as Exeter, while there is fire and distinction in Henry Carvill's rendering of the Constable of France. The bluff Williams is portrayed with hearty freshness and feeling by Frank Woolfe, while the

leading comedy rôles, Fluellen and Pistol, are most humorously realized by Alec. F. Thompson and Herbert Jarman. The former's fiery and voluble little Welshman is a gem of characterization. In short a capital performance and excellent company all around.

LIBERTY THEATRE. "MILESTONES." Play in three acts by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. Produced on Sept. 17 with this cast:

John Rhead.....	Leslie Faber	Emily Rhead.....	Gladys Mason
Gertrude Rhead.....	Auriol Lee	Nancy Sibley.....	Edith Barwell
Mrs. Rhead.....	Eugenie Vernie	Arthur Preece.....	Frederick Lloyd
Samuel Sibley.....	Warburton Gamble	Lady Rhead.....	Gillian Scaife
Rose Sibley.....	Gillian Scaife	Lord Monkhurst.....	Douglas Imbert
Ned Pym.....	A. G. Onslow	Hon. Muriel Pym.....	Margaret Macdona
Thompson.....	Wm. O. Fazan	Richard Sibley.....	Frank Arundel

"Milestones" is quaint, novel and interesting, but it is not the epoch-making play that the fulsome London notices seem to indicate. Its novelty—the progression of generations—each of the three has an act to itself, makes a far stronger appeal by its ingenious idea than by its brilliancy of literary expression. The dialogue is neat, clever and serviceable, but it has not the poignant depth of big suggestion. It pleases. It fails to stir.

The action all takes place in a single room. The first happens in 1860 and the furnishings suggest all the terrors of the Victorian era. Here John Rhead, head of a ship-building firm, quarrels with his partner brother-in-law on account of his advanced business ideas and shatters a romance. Twenty-five years later another generation copes with a similar crisis. Again narrow-minded selfishness blocks the way and more heart pangs and disappointments occur. But in 1912 there is a declaration of emancipation. The latest generation refuses to be coerced. It declares for independence and it carries the day. The dominating pride of old age is forced to acknowledge defeat and the youth of to-day starts with every prospect of happiness and prosperity.

This quaint conceit is from the joint pens of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. The change in period makes for nice differentiation in costume, manners and moods, and the English company, especially imported for the production, shows careful selection and most thorough rehearsal. Leslie Faber, already known here, carries through the three acts. His youth, middle age and the sere and yellow are capably marked by him and show the resources of his alert and polished art. His wife is also portrayed with skillful resource by Gillian Scaife, while the third character to figure through the entire play is Rhead's sister, Gertrude, the living sacrifice to pride, who acts as a sort of protesting chorus and who aids the youngest couple in their fight for



Matzene

SIGNOR TITTA RUFFO

Celebrated Italian baritone who will make his first appearance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 19 next in the rôle of "Hamlet"

freedom. This rôle was most sympathetically portrayed by Auriol Lee. For dramatic purposes of contrast some of the parts seemed very aged for their years, and natural youth occasionally peered beneath the outward symbols of advancing years.

GARRICK THEATRE. "THE ATTACK." Play in three acts by Henry Bernstein. Adapted into English by George Egerton. Produced on September 19 last with the following cast:

Alexandre Merital.....	John Mason	Julien Merital.....	Clinton Preston
Antonin Frepeau.....	Sidney Herbert	Servant.....	Daniel Fitzgerald
Garancier.....	Wilfred Draycott	Renée De Rould.....	Martha Hedman
Daniel Merital.....	Frank Hollins	Georgette Merital.....	Eva Dennison

Sometimes even an established dramatist may write too frequently for a single player. After a time he dramatizes solely the personality of his star. This would seem to be the case with Bernstein in his three-act play, "The Attack," which Guitry presented in Paris and in which John Mason is now appearing at the Garrick.

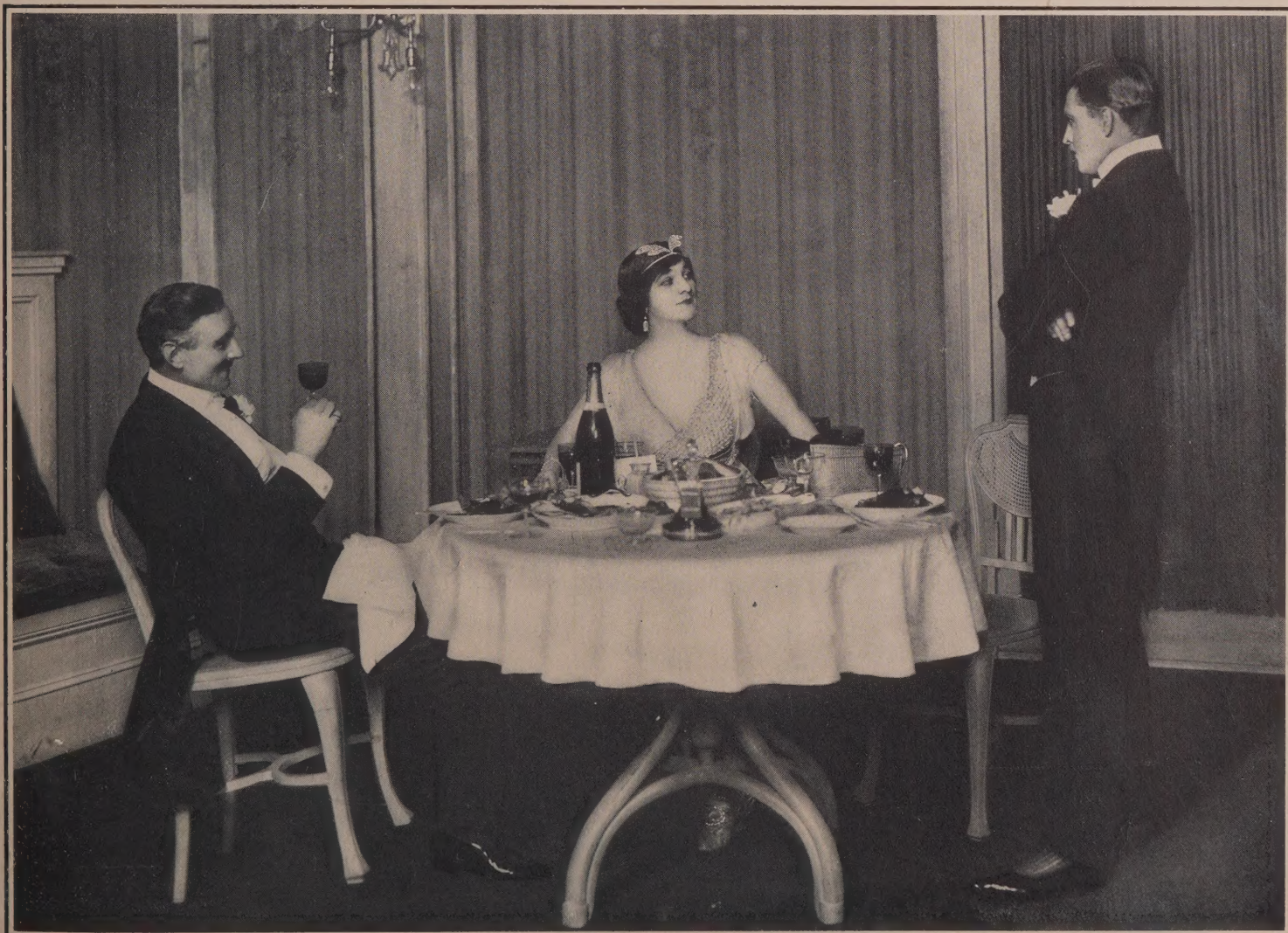
"L'Assaut" (its original title) is hardly a play. It is a recitation of the past in the life of Alexandre Merital, a prominent and successful political figure, who in his youth, to save a starving wife, embezzled. He had long since paid the debt, but a disreputable journalist sells the information to his rivals, and Merital is forced to sue for libel. However, the principal in the attack upon him has a far shadier past, and by some incriminating evidence which he has obtained Merital breaks down the opposition and saves his good name. Before all this mixup a young friend of his daughter has fallen in love with him, and in a scene (he has long since been a widower) between them, remarkable for its technical difficulties, and verging closely on the absurd, he accepts her love, for she practically forces it on him. Vindicated, however, by the courts, he feels he must tell her the truth, which he does in a long declamation about his unhappy youth, his struggles, his fall and his redemption. She understands and the final curtain falls. It was in this recitation that

Mr. Mason showed how broad and polished is his art. It was a story told with graphic feeling, poignant remorse and splendid tonal variety. In the other scenes he was equally sound and sure; but the character, probably racial, lacks the sympathy for big response. Sydney Herbert gave a virile and well-drawn rendering of his political rival, and the young girl who proposed to Merital was played with nice delicacy and restraint by Martha Hedman, a Swedish actress with a pretty face. The remaining rôles were "fillers," and the two sets very handsome and appropriately French. The second in particular was a gem.

BELASCO THEATRE. "THE CASE OF BECKY." Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Dr. Emerson.....	Herbert Bruning	Professor Balzamo.....	Charles Dalton
Dr. Peters.....	Harry C. Browne	Thomas.....	John P. Brawn
John Arnold.....	Eugene O'Brien	Dorothy.....	Frances Starr

"The Case of Becky" is romantic and yet real; improbable, if not impossible, yet scientific. To reconcile such opposing elements in a play requires skill, and that skill was possessed by Mr. Locke, who devised the play, and Mr. Belasco, who produced it. The success of such a piece as this depends upon controlling or subduing the point of view of the audience. Critical opinion might easily reject the happenings as improbable, impossible, inconsistent melodramatic, unnatural, and consequently uninteresting; but with impossible characters made very human, diverting and dramatic, criticism as often finds itself complaisant rather than antagonistic. If one does not regard the incidents as weirdly impressive, he may consent to their entertaining quality. The truth is the audiences of this play, whatever convictions or disbelief they may carry away with them as the power of hypnotism, can and do afford to take the play seriously during its performance. The characters are few, only six in number, and there is a concentration of interest that tends to tensify at every moment of the action.



White

Max
(Oswald Yorke)Mimi
(Doris Keane)Anatol
(John Barrymore)

The Rupture in the Restaurant. Mimi: "I don't think I ever really liked you, Anatol!"

SCENE IN ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S PLAY, "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

A Doctor has at his sanitarium a patient, a girl of about eighteen, with a dual nature, whose personal identity he has never been able to establish. Her history is mysterious. At times she is sweet in disposition, fond of reading, neat in her dress, mild in manner, tractable, affectionate; at other times, the transition often being sudden, she is violent, uncontrollable in temper, un-

tractable, vicious, dishevelled, a different creature in every way. These contrasting moods constitute in the action a material part of what may be described as the performance, for it is as a performance that the play is most remarkable. The incidents in which the rebellious girl figures have so much detail in their variety that an account of them would call for a voluminous record; but it is in these details that much of the interest consists.

Miss Frances Starr in the dual rôle may be said to be inimitable. At all events, it is difficult to imagine any other actress of the day acting the part with the peculiar temperament needed, with the same neatness of execution and with the same celerity of change in emotion. The story is simple. A traveling hypnotist, giving an exhibition in the town, calls on the Doctor and presently claims this patient as his own daughter. The Doctor demands proof that he is her father. There is some doubt about his credentials and the refusal to give her up is delayed. In the last act the traveling performer comes, for the last time, to demand his child. The scene is in the Doctor's laboratory. Here we have Mr. Belasco's resources as a producer at his characteristic best. We see, before the impostor arrives, the use of the various electrical contrivances. Electric sparks six inches long are turned on to gratify the curiosity of a visitor. A musical electrical box is heard which puts a patient to sleep. The twirling blades quivering with light are turned on. The impostor arrives. The Doctor sees that he must extract the mystery of the man from him by means of hypnotizing him. This is accomplished by gradually getting him to test the influence of the contrivances that he scorns as modern scientific foolery and charlatanry. The impostor claims that hypnotism can be exercised only as a personal gift or power. The result is that the claimant of the girl is placed under the spell and confesses. It is discovered that he had used the girl in his performances and had kept her under his influence, and still had her under the same influence. More than this, it now appears that this same man had lured away the Doctor's wife years ago and kept her also for his purposes, the wife having died in the meantime. In short, the girl is the Doctor's own daughter.

It is in this romanticism that the play is weakest, but the play is now over, and the romantic improbability has been paid for by the absorbing interest of the action. It may be said, with much truth, that the play is an exhibition of Mr. Belasco's supreme skill in handling material that would be very hazardous in other hands. Much of the success of the play undoubtedly lies in the excellent ability of the actors chosen for the task, for it may well be described as such, for making reality out of the more or less unreal. Charles Dalton as the impostor gave a rare and amusing, as well as forcible, performance. Mr. Bruning as the Doctor was no less efficient. There are a few touches of love comedy between the nurse and the attendant young doctor.

WEBER'S. "A SCRAPE O' THE PEN." Scottish comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. Produced on September 26 with this cast:

Eppie Oliphant. } Jean Evans	Mattha Inglis.	Carl Lyle
Inglis. }	or, Millicent Evans	Jean Lowther or Menzies.	Lila Barclay
Flora McGlip.	Helen Baird	Peter Dalkeith.	Edward Chester
Beenie Scott.	Helen MacGregor	Miss Pringle.	Jean Hamilton
Mrs. Baikie.	Adah Barton	Taffy Knot.	Marie Stuart
Geordie Pow.	J. Crichton Russell	Mrs. MacAlister.	Jean Power
Hugh Menzies.	W. G. Robb	Village Natural.	Angus Adams
Sherherd.	Fawcett Lomax	Bridesmaid.	Kate Evans
Leezie Inglis.	Agnes Bartholomew	Watty Weir.	Roy Cochrane

Graham Moffat's Scotch plays are interesting, not only because of what they are, but because of what they are not; they are not problem plays. They concern the ordinary happenings in the ordinary life of ordinary people. The stories are not new, being more or less conventional, but there is a very great novelty in his treatment of them. The novelty also largely consists in the authenticity of what he puts before us. Mr. Moffat is as well acquainted with the methods of the stage as he is with his characters, and consequently is always entertaining. It may be that he has used theatrical exaggeration in some of his types, but they are always diverting. The Hired Mourner in "A Scrape o' the Pen," for example, is a type that must have had real life in



White

MARGARET ANGLIN

In Edward Sheldon's new play "Egypt," recently seen in Chicago. This piece is the story of a child who has been stolen by gypsies and when arrived at maturity is restored to her mourning parents

Scenes in the Scotch Comedy "A Scrape O' The Pen" at Weber's.



Mattha Inglis (Carl Lyle) Hugh Menzies (W. G. Robb) Jean Menzies (Lila Barclay) Leezie Inglis (Agnes Bartholomew)
Act 1. Mattha: "We're no speakin'."

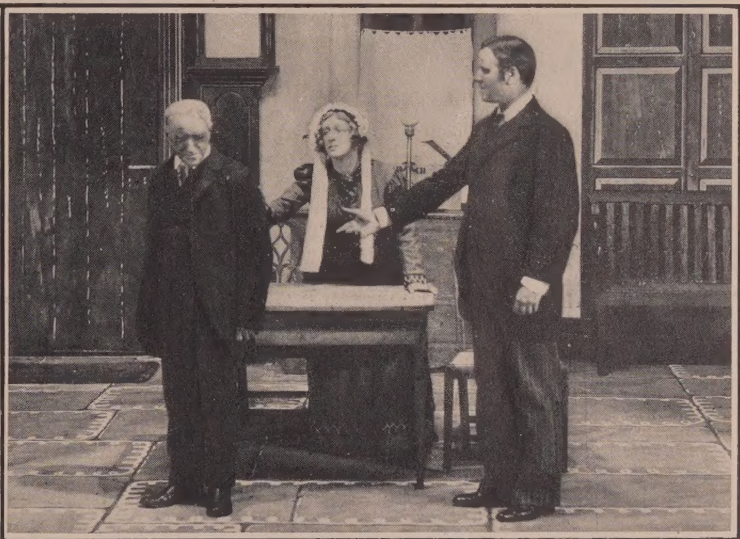


Agnes Bartholomew Lila Barclay Carl Lyle
Finale of Act 1. Leezie: "My own guid mon!"



Agnes Bartholomew Carl Lyle

Act II. Scene 1. Mattha: "And where are the sons we begat, Leezie? Scattered to the ends of the world—"



Carl Lyle Agnes Bartholomew Alec Inglis (Leopold Profeit)

Act III. Alec returns from Africa after being absent seven years and finds his father still stern



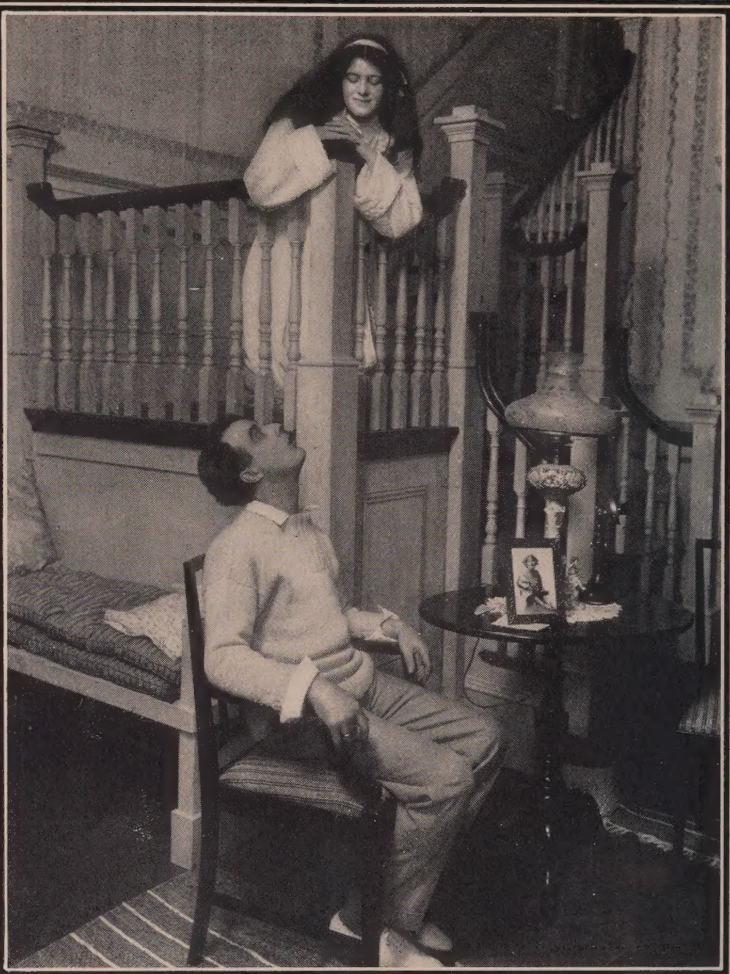
Agnes Bartholomew Carl Lyle Leopold Profeit
Finale of Act III. Alec tears and burns the bit o' paper and scrape of the pen



White Katherine Hollis
(Adelaide Nowak) Robert Fielding
(Charles Waldron)

Act 1. Robert Fielding: "How would it be if we tried for the miracle?"

SCENES IN HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER'S PLAY "JUNE



Frederick H. Hollis, Jr.
(A. Hylton Allen) June Thornborough
(Renee Kelly)

Act 2. Frederick: "But I can't see you from down here"

MADNESS," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE FULTON THEATRE

some fashion in rural communities in Scotland, or, if he is largely a fantastic creation, he is exceedingly droll and diverting and real. He is purely incidental to the action. Never did woeful visage inspire more mirth. He wears a white band of crepe on his tall hat, weeps at every proper opportunity and declines to attend family prayers because he is taking a holiday. However, the Hired Mourner is only a single item among many types. The ease with which Scotch marriages used to be made has furnished material for many plays, but "A Scrape o' the Pen" is nevertheless a novelty. A young woman, thinking her husband by a Scotch marriage, with whom she had never lived, died in South Africa, gets information that he is alive and is about to return home. The brief certificate of marriage has been found by a stranger, a woman, returning from Africa, who delivers it to the parents of the young man in the presence of the new, happily-married woman. The old people have grown to love her, know that the wandering son is worthless, and have a sore struggle with their scruples of conscience as to what to do with the paper. They finally destroy it, but it is first brought out in a scene between the two signers of the marriage declaration that the girl had discovered his faithlessness to her in that when he left for Africa he had left behind him a maid whom he had betrayed, who had died of a broken heart after having given birth to a child. This child the woman has cared for. He resigns his pretensions. The paper is destroyed. This surely is a simple and even conventional story. But the situations are not worked out in the old emotional way for the sake of theatricalism. They remain dramatic enough. The young woman whose domestic happiness is threatened has less to do in the way of engaging our attention than the two old people. They are delightful. Their one quarrel is a touching exhibition of Scotch character, stubborn and narrow crabbedness on the one side and gentle simplicity on the other. The aged man reprimands his wife because she has

bought a new hat of a kind that he regards as proof of the sinful propensities of her pride. They quit speaking. The young woman of the "Scrape o' the Pen" reconciles them. The family prayer meeting, at which the old man read a dry chapter of Biblical genealogies because it was in the regular order of reading the good Book clear through every year, was as amusing as a farce and as true in its humor as life itself. The wife, a quaint, gentle old woman, was delightfully acted by Miss Agnes Bartholomew, while the old husband, in the hands of Carl Lyle, was an equally pleasing performance in its companionship in art and nature. The play is episodic, and all the better for it. The eighteen characters, with the many other types seen on the village square on the wintry night when a spinster bride was conducted to her new home, are plain, lovable, distinctly Scotch honest folk. "A Scrape o' the Pen" is a little play worth the while, constantly entertaining with good sentiment and genuine comicalities.

COHAN'S THEATRE. "BROADWAY JONES." Play in four acts by George M. Cohan. Produced on September 23 with this cast:

Rankin	M. J. Sullivan	Mrs. Spotswood.....	Helen F. Cohan
Jackson Jones.....	Geo. M. Cohan	Judge Spotswood.....	Jerry J. Cohan
Robert Wallace.....	George Parsons	Clara Spotswood.....	Mary Murphy
Mrs. Girard.....	Ada Gilman	Josie Richards.....	Myrtle Tannehill
Peter Pembroke.....	William Walcott	Higgins	John Fenton
Sam Spotswood.....	Russell Pincus	Henry Hopper.....	Ed. Hibben
Dave	Jack Klendon	Grover Wallace.....	Fletcher Harvey

For a long time there was a disposition to regard George M. Cohan as a peculiarly ephemeral product of Forty-second Street and Broadway. That time has passed. Mr. Cohan is now to be reckoned with as a dramatist of originality and technique and as a light comedian of effervescent youth and individual charm. "Broadway Jones," as written by him, is a combination farce and comedy. Its plot is so simple that it is almost juvenile. But Mr. Cohan is a true observer of men and conditions, and applies the little comic and pathetic touches of life in a way which makes his completed fabric something distinctly

(Continued on page ix)

SCENES IN "THE WHIP," AT THE MANHATTAN



Act 2. Captain Sartoris warns the substitute curate that he must stand by the story of the fraudulent marriage



Act 2. The trainer as a wax dummy overhears the plot against the race



Act 3. "The Whip" is started for the Newmarket track



Act 3. Captain Sartoris cuts off the "lorry" from the Newmarket express



Act 3. The collision at the mouth of the tunnel



Act 3. Ready for the start in the great race

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, misses the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mummer has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage, and yet are not part of the entertainment, would

Anecdotes of the Stage

fill volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief, and have humor and point.



THE elder Sothern was a firm believer in the noisy audience. He considered that the theatre-goer if pleased with the entertainment should consider it a duty to make loud demonstration of his enjoyment. William G. Rose tells a good story of one occasion when the actor was playing "Dundreary" in a small town where the manager of the theatre had recently been to New York. He had visited Madison Square theatre, at that time under semi-religious management, where dim light prevailed in the auditorium and loud applause was deemed decidedly indecorous. The manager returned to his town and gave a quiet "tip" on what was "the real thing" in New York theatre manners. Sothern and his company played the first act without evoking a laugh or a "hand." When the curtain fell he listened for the customary call, but there was only silence—awful silence. Then before the second act he gathered his company and said: "We don't seem to be hitting 'em at all. We must pitch in for all we are worth in this act." Star and company worked like Trojans, but apparently without result. At the end of the second act the local manager went to Sothern's dressing room and began to congratulate him on his success and to tell him how delighted his audience was.

Sothern interrupted him: "Don't guy me," he said. "Why, I haven't heard any laughter or applause."

"Laughter—applause," returned the manager, proudly, as he drew himself to his full height and thrust his hand behind the breast folds of his coat; "I should hope not, indeed! There was one man snickered, but we put him out."

Madame Rudersdorff, the mother of Richard Mansfield, was for a time at the court of Vienna. Richard, fascinated as a child by the stories she told with inimitable mimicry of the great personages she met in the Austrian capital, used in later life to recall many of them. The Esterhazy family had attached to their mansion or palace a private theatre, in which it was the delight of their friends and themselves to give representations of plays then in favor before the Emperor, the Court, and the élite of Vienna. Madame Rudersdorff was naturally in great demand, and, besides being called upon to fill the chief rôles, she spent no little time in instructing the Princesses in the art of stage 'get-up.' Despite all her exertions, however, the performances did not always run as smoothly as might have been desired, and one in particular seems to have come to thorough grief. I cannot remember what particular play it was the Esterhazy's had announced, but, whatever it was, the Emperor graced the performance with his presence, seated in a delightfully comfortable fauteuil very near the stage; and all the court was there in grand gala. The Emperor, having been coaxed to silence (for he was an imperial chatterbox), the first act commenced, and everything went well until the elder Esterhazy, stabbed to the heart, had to fall dead on the stage, and chose to fall just beneath the huge candelabrum. Now, most unfortunately, owing to a draught in the upper regions, the wax-lights of the candelabrum were dripping, and one by one drops of hot wax fell upon the upturned face of the prostrate Count. He bore it like a Spartan for some time, then he began to wink violently (the Emperor leaning forward was eagerly watching the situation), and at last, an extra hot drop having stung him between the eyes, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Der Teufel mag hier todt sein—ich aber nicht!" (The devil may be dead here—but not I!), and walked himself off amidst the laughter of the audience and to the great delight of the Emperor."

Joseph Jefferson was sensitive on the subject of his retirement from the stage. The interviewer who put the question of farewell to him generally received a rather sharp, but pleasant reply. The story is told of a newspaper reporter in the South who once got the best of him. The actor came down stairs at the hotel and was much disturbed to find a long, but mysteriously worded article in which the word retired was closely connected



with his name. He knew the managing editor, and made a half-hearted complaint. The reporter was called in and asked where he got the story.

"The city editor told me to see Mr. Jefferson," said the young man, "and ask him if he was going to retire."

"Well, did you see him?" demanded the editor somewhat sharply.

"No, sir," replied the reporter. "I sent up my card to his room and it was sent back in a few minutes with this written on it:

"Mr. Jefferson has retired."

And then the actor, who used to sleep twenty years in every performance, took the reporter out and bought him a \$5 hat.

The late Mrs. Gilbert in her interesting reminiscences tells of an amusing incident she over witnessed in Dublin. "I remember we were just going to open our show—we were something like the famous Ravel Brothers, only our work would be serious comedy while theirs was farce—and we went in to see the performance of 'Faust,' as actors always will go to the play, when not working themselves. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let Mephistopheles down to the under-world. He went halfway down, and then stuck; they hitched him up a bit, and he went down better, but stuck again. They tried two or three times, and then had to lower the curtain with him sticking head and shoulders above the trap. A voice in the gallery shouted out: 'Hurrah, boys, hell's full,' and the house roared."

The same actress, speaking of her experiences with Augustin Daly, says: "Mr. Daly was very exacting in his training of the subordinates and would not tolerate anyone standing about as if uninterested in the action of the piece. Once, I remember, Miss Irwin, in the character of an eavesdropping maid, had to lean against the corridor side of a door and then fall headlong into the room when the door was suddenly opened. She did it half heartily, for it is very difficult to make a spirited tumble just at rehearsal, and the 'Governor' was on his feet in a moment, showing her how it should be done. 'It must be like that' he said, picking himself up and dusting himself off. She looked him up and down—he was tall and slender, you know—and answered saucily: 'I never could reach so far; I haven't the length, you know.' 'Then you must do it breadthwise,' he retorted, and she had the good sense and the good fun to acknowledge that the joke was turned on her, for even then she was very stout."

George Bernard Shaw's keen sense of humor enabled him, of course, to enjoy hugely an incident which happened a few years ago in London. When his "Arms and the Man" was first produced, the satire was heartily received. At the fall of the curtain there were loud calls for the author, to which Shaw finally deigned to respond. The audience was still applauding when suddenly one dissenting voice in the gallery "booed" with the full power of a very strong pair of lungs. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously:

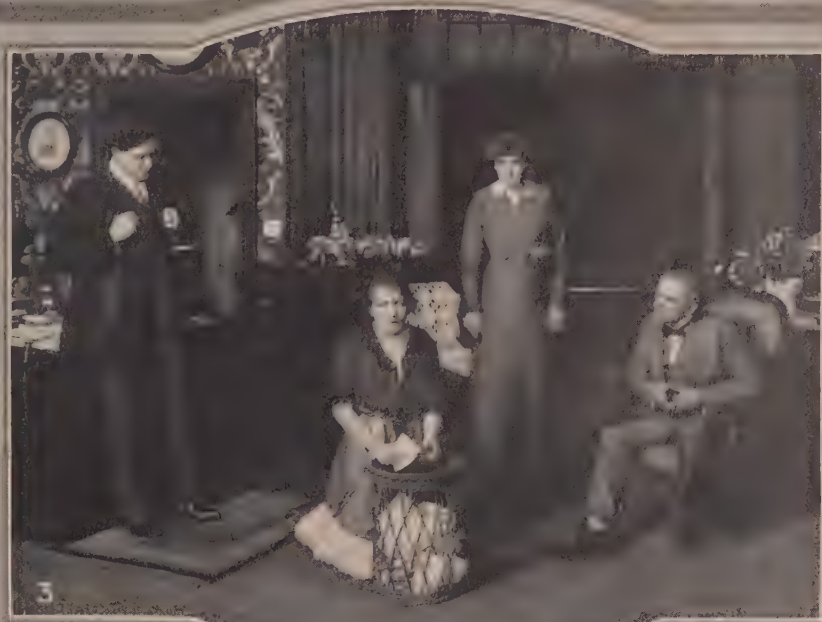
"Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

During a performance of "Arizona" in a small Connecticut town an elderly gentleman, with multifarious whiskers, accompanied by his wife, occupied seats in the last row of the orchestra. Underneath the setting forth of the cast in the programme was the usual synopsis of the scenes, the last line reading: "Act 4 same as Act 1." When the curtain fell on the third act the old man picked up his hat and umbrella and said to his companion:

"Come along, Maria. We can catch that 10.30 train if we hurry. The programme says the last act is the same as the first, and I don't see no use of waiting to look at it over again." And they hustled off homeward.

The Hon. William C. Preston, U. S. Senator from South Carolina, was well (Continued on page viii)

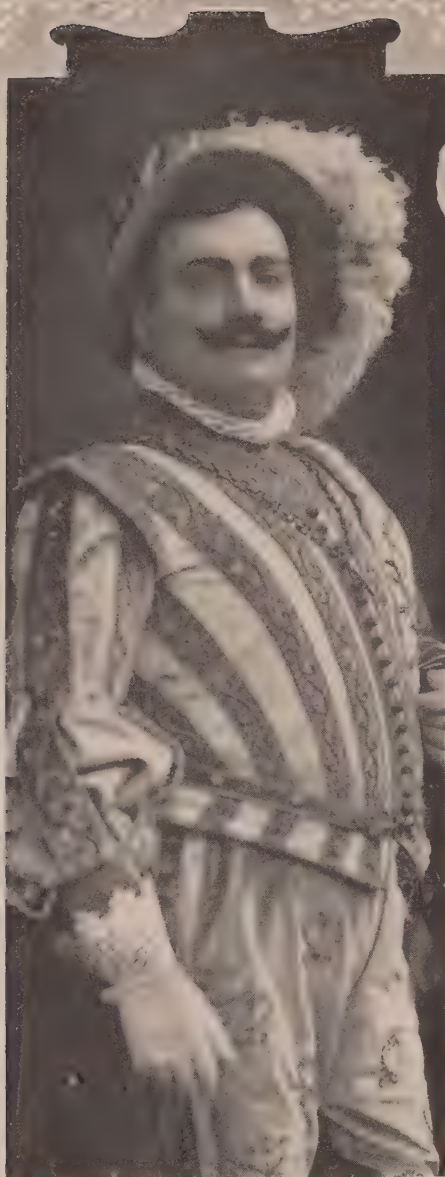




Photos White

No. 1. Frances Starr in the dual rôle of Dorothy and Becky. No. 2. Act I. Dr. Emerson (Albert Bruning), Becky (Miss Starr), Miss Pettingill (Mary Lawton), John Arnold (Eugene O'Brien). Becky makes an unconventional exit. No. 3. Act II. The doctors watch Becky's strange mental phenomena. No. 4. Act II. Dorothy comes down stairs in obedience to a voice which must be obeyed. No. 5. Act III. Professor Balzamo exposed. Dorothy learns that Dr. Emerson is her father.

SCENES IN EDWARD LOCKE'S CURIOUS PLAY OF DUAL PERSONALITY, "THE CASE OF BECKY"



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SIGNOR CARUSO



GERALDINE FARRAR



LUCREZIA BORI
New soprano



WILLY BUERS
New baritone



STELLA DE METTE
New contralto

BRILLIANT OPERA SEASON

MUSIC, "heavenly maid," is going to be the most favored of the arts this winter. With an opera season longer than any previous one ever attempted at the Metropolitan Opera House—for it is to be twenty-three weeks this season—with visiting opera by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, with four important local orchestras and one from Boston, with Europe opening its flood gates of concert soloists—all these promise a season of music the like of which the ears of New Yorkers have never yet encountered. The word "encountered" is used advisedly, for it is going to be an artistic battle royal when violin bows and ivory piano keys will be crossed in musical combat.

Of surpassing interest is, of course, the Metropolitan opera season, which begins November 11th. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager, has been abroad all summer, searching in the old world's highways and also in its byways, for artists with which to populate his company and for novelties with which to add lustre to his repertoire. The result of his searches, extending back a twelve-month, are that we are to hear new singers—Frieda Hempel, a German lyric soprano, famous for her coloratura; Lucrezia Bori, a Spanish soprano, who has won spurs in Paris, and considered a great find, for, in addition to her admirable qualities as an artist, she is said to have great personal stage charm, coupled with two rare and highly important items, namely, youth and beauty; then, for smaller soprano parts, there are to be heard two American singers, Louise Cox and Vera Curtis. Also among the contraltos are there two new American singers, Stella de Mette and Lila Robeson. Nor are new American recruits missing in the men's voices, for there is listed Paul Althouse, a native tenor. A new Italian tenor, Umberto Macnez, will be heard, as will a famous new German tenor, Jacques Urlus. The latter is most highly praised in the Kaiser's domain, and he sang a few special performances in this country in Boston last season. Two new baritones appear on this season's roster, Willy Buers and Eduard Erhard, and a new basso is Carl Braun—all three being Germans. Then there is a new conductor, Giorgio Polacco, of whom Gatti-Casazza speaks enthusiastically. He has the reputation abroad of being an admirable leader, has conducted in Italy, Spain and South America and was in this country for a while, conducting the English performances of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," produced by Henry W. Savage.

And now for the returning favorites. Not a single big name will be missed from the list. Here they are for your exultation: Caruso, Farrar, Fremstad, Destinn, Gadski, Alda, Homer, Matzenauer, Maubourg, Burrian, Martin, Slezak, Jörn, Hensel, Amato, Scotti, Weil, Gilly, Goritz, Rothier, Griswold, Didur, and Witherspoon. All three of last season's conductors will return—Toscanini, Hertz and Sturani. To the list of first ballet dancers a new name will be added, Eva Swain, an American girl. Then, too, the Metropolitan is to have visiting artists from the Chicago and the Boston opera organizations, and these names include Carmen Melis, Cecilia Gagliardi, Charles Dalmores, Giovanni Zenatello, Clarence Whitehill and Edward Lankow.

As for the new works to be heard, let the list be headed by "Cyrano," an American opera to be sung in English. The composer is Walter Damrosch and the librettist is William J. Henderson—the former the conductor of the New York Symphony Society, and the latter a well-known author and music critic. The story is based, of course, upon Rostand's familiar "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the rôle of Roxane will probably be sung by Alda. The production of "Cyrano" is a continuation of the announced policy of the Metropolitan Opera House directors to further the cause of the native composer and of opera in



JACQUES URLUS
New tenor



LOUISE COX
New soprano



CARL BRAUN
New basso

FOR THE METROPOLITAN

English. This will be the first performance on any stage of "Cyrano."

The only other real novelty of the list is the Russian opera, "Boris Godounoff," by Moussorgsky, and possibly one other, a French work, namely, "Le Chemineau," by Xavier Leroux. There appears to be a dearth abroad of suitable novelties. Boito has not yet completed his everlasting "Nero," Charpentier is slow in finishing his "La Vie de Poète," and Claude Debussy seems to be tardy in putting finishing touches to three operas, "La Chute de la Maison Usher," "Le Diable dans le Beffroi" and "La Légende de Tristan"—all of which new works will find their way quickly to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House when completed.

Still, the next best thing to a novelty—and in some cases it is infinitely preferable—is the revival of masterpieces. So Mozart's "The Magic Flute" will be sung for the first time in years, handsomely trapped out and with a star cast. Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" will be revived for the opening performance of the season, also with a notable array of singers. Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" will be produced for the first time by the Metropolitan company, although it has had performances in this opera house by the visiting Philadelphia-Chicago singers. Puccini's neglected "Manon" will be revived, and as Massenet's tuneful operatic version of the same subject will again be given, the public will have two "Manons" to choose from. It is also likely that Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segrato di Susanna" will be heard here.

The regular repertoire will be chosen from the forty odd standard operas that the Metropolitan artists have at their finger tips and that have been produced here. They need not be catalogued in this article, but represent the very pick of former presentations by this company.

That, in a nutshell, is what may be expected of the Metropolitan this season.

And it is "promise-crammed," backed by the standards of Gatti's régime, which aim for highest artistic achievement.

No details of the five performances of the Philadelphia-Chicago company in the Metropolitan are available, but they doubtless will present an array of novelties here. An important addition has been made to the roster of artists that have been engaged for that organization by Andreas Dippel, namely, Titta Ruffo, probably the most sensationally famous baritone of the day. Philadelphia and Chicago are both to enjoy long seasons of grand opera at the hands of this company, and then there is to be a trip to the Coast in the late spring. So grand opera will flourish like the bay tree all over this land, Boston supporting its own company. But New York is to have the longest season of any of these cities, and the advance subscription is the biggest in the history of the Metropolitan, for it is said to approximate a million dollars.

Yet all this outpouring of music is but one phase of New York musical life, for there are to be orchestral concerts and recitals in endless array, afternoon and evening. A new concert auditorium, the Æolian Hall, has been added to the public music places of this city and will share with Carnegie Hall the burden of housing eager music makers and insatiable music lovers.

Forty concerts alone will be given by the Philharmonic Society, Josef Stransky conducting. Walter Damrosch will again lead his men, the Symphony Society of New York, in a series of regular subscription and educational concerts, and also in a series of Young People's Symphony concerts. Educational concerts for wage-earners will again be led by F. X. Arens in his series of People's Symphony concerts, and the Russian Symphony Society, conducted



FRIEDA HEMPEL
New soprano



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CHARLES DALMORES



EMMY DESTINN
Metropolitan



CECILIA GAGLIARDI
New Italian soprano



Matzene
JULIA CLAUSSEN
New Swedish contralto



FRANCES ALDA
Metropolitan



JOHANNA GADSKI
Metropolitan

by Modest Altschuler, again will give its concerts devoted to Russian music, while Arnold Volpe will give concerts with his orchestra.

And then there is the series of ten concerts to be given by the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. This year it is to have a new conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, who has resigned his post at the Berlin Royal Opera House to become this orchestra's permanent conductor. Dr. Muck has been heard here at the head of this orchestra several years ago when he was on leave of absence from Berlin, but now he has returned to us for a long stay.

The list of solo artists is less imposing, Europe having been cheated for the season out of many of its big artists, such as Eugene Ysaye, eminent Belgian violinist; Mischa Elman and Efram Zimbalist, Russian violinists; Leopold Godowsky, notable pianist.



DR. KARL MUCK
Conductor of the Boston
Symphony Orchestra

Marcella Sembrich, after an absence of a season, comes for another concert tour. Edmond Clément, exquisite French tenor, and Alessandro Bonci, famous Italian singer of bel canto, both are to be heard in recital. Lillian Nordica will give concerts, so will Alma Glück and a host of others.

That sterling quartet, the Kneisels, will again uphold the traditions of chamber music, while the Barrère ensemble will discourse in odd music for wind instruments. The Oratorio Society will be active. So will the Schola Cantorum, formerly the MacDowell Chorus, conducted by Kurt Schindler. And it is also more than likely that

orchestras from out of the West, Lochinvars of music, will come to this city and add variety to the existence of its music lovers. In exchange, many of our Metropolitan artists will make trips hither and thither, singing their glad way from city to city. Furthermore, the horizon is marked by rumors that Oscar Ham-

merstein is to build a chain of opera houses in various cities. He is at work on these plans and is ready to begin once the necessary support from the different cities is forthcoming.

Europe, with its subsidized opera houses and with its "old world" culture and love for music, will have no opportunity to point the finger of scorn at us this winter.

New York alone can rear its head high with its affluence of music. There will not be a day in the week and scarcely a time of the day or evening when somebody will not be giving a concert somewhere. And so high is the standard that the public will

now accept nothing but the best.

Novelties of all kinds will be presented, not alone in the opera house, but also in concert halls. Every new orchestral novelty of worth and note, new chamber music, new songs—they all will have hearing here, and the writings of the American composer will not be allowed to languish.

With each season has the taste and longing for good music grown; each year have the armies of music lovers increased. And, unless all signs fail, this year will be—to quote our agricultural statisticians—"a bumper crop" of musical offerings. Spurred by the demands for high art, the managers have dared bring only the best of artistic wares to this market. Europe has had to disgorge its best artists—and all for our edification. It will be a season of music worth hearing.

"Boris Godounoff" will be the first operatic novelty to be seen at the Metropolitan. The period of the work is about 1600, the scene being laid partly in the Kremlin, partly on the borders of Poland. The composer was born in 1835, and at the outset of his career was an officer in the Russian army. He died in poverty.



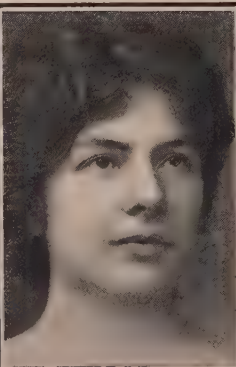
GIORGIO POLACCO
New conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House



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OLIVE FREMSTAD
Metropolitan



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY
Russian pianist



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LOUISE HOMER
Metropolitan



Mishkin
PAUL ALTHOUSE
New tenor



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EUGENE YSAYE
Belgian violinist



VERA CURTIS
New soprano

Dramatic Action in Opera

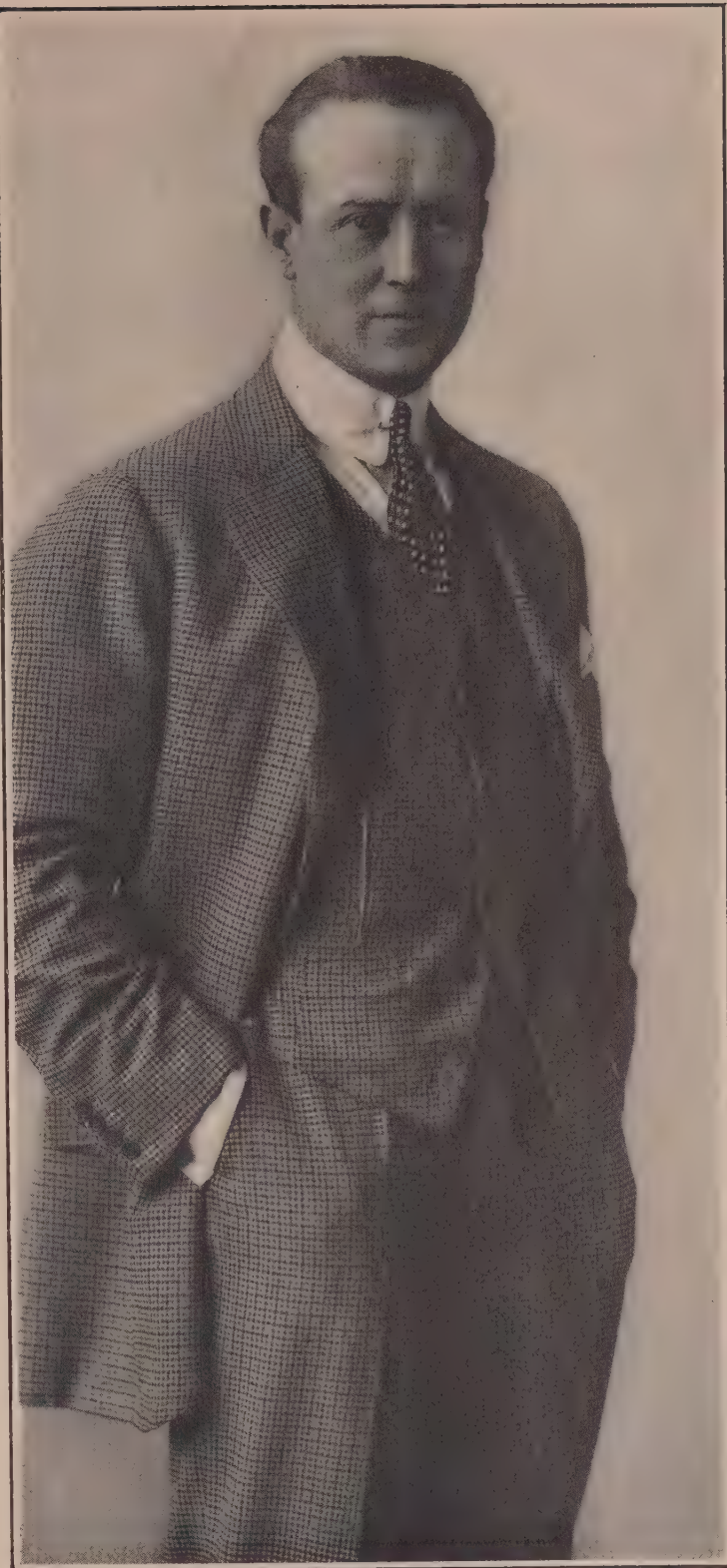
TO many people it will seem as though this matter should be disposed of in the same fashion as the chapter on snakes in Iceland—there are no snakes in Iceland. Nevertheless, while the view, which considers that there is no dramatic action worth serious consideration in opera, is widely held, it is quite untrue to the facts. There are two reasons why people who are accustomed to the theatre fail at first to appreciate the histrionic force of the artists of the opera. First, it is another art from that of the actor in the regular drama, which must be understood and judged from a different point of view. The action on the stage of the theatre which purposes to reproduce the image of life in the actual world, to copy the daily fact of living men, sets before the actors another goal from that of the opera singer who deals with a medium in which life is seen through a poetization of that fact rather than a reproduction. Then the music with its intricate laws of pitch and rhythm compels a much slower tempo for the action of the drama, depending more on the psychic unfolding, with only now and then at the climax anything approaching the speed of movement to which we are accustomed in the theatre.

Another point, often overlooked, yet vital in the matter of appreciation, is the distance from which the action of opera is usually viewed by the audience. In our opera houses the bulk of the audience sit at a distance from the stage great enough to carry them outside the walls of the average theatre, yet they somehow expect to feel the same intimate contact with the singers that they are used to in the theatre, which is a manifest impossibility. The powers of facial expression will only carry about so far, and what the audience cannot see with its own eyes might as well not exist, yet it is unfair to deny these powers to the singing actor just because the people sit too far away to observe them. Consequently the actor in opera has at the very beginning a handicap that is inevitable in the very nature of things. To receive the best effects of the music as a whole the audience must sit far enough away so that the intimacy on which the artist depends for his playing of the part is impossible.

Any fine performance of opera is two totally different things according to the location of the auditor. If he goes far back or up into the gallery, to gain the ensemble of the music perfectly blended and mellowed, he cannot gain the dramatic feeling, while if he comes far enough forward, so that the personality of the artist can reach him with full force, he loses something of the illusive charm of the music. Besides this, no matter what the intention, only a very small portion of the audience can approach the stage near enough to feel the intensity of the dramatic action, so that at every performance of opera the vastly greater part must be beyond its range. There is no possible way of remedying this state of affairs, since it is inherent in the fundamental law of the opera house, but this does not change the fact that for the few near enough to see, there are magnificent portrayals from the singing actors.

In the theatres there is a constant movement to cut down the size of the auditorium in order to make possible the intimacy between actor and audience on which the finest effects depend, and it is to be hoped that some day the idea will take hold on the directors of opera, that some things are ridiculously misplaced on the cavernous stages of the great opera houses. There are a number of operas, which in our loose way we call "grand operas," merely because they are sung in a foreign tongue, and given at the Metropolitan, which were never intended save for the conditions of a small house, and are shorn of half their charm as at present given.

For a modern instance take that altogether delightful gem, "The Secret of Susanne," of Wolf-Ferrari, which it was our good fortune to see one evening on the stage of a private club, with a small orchestra. It had a spontaneity and charm about it, and



Moffett

HENRY B. WARNER

This popular actor will be seen shortly on Broadway in a new play

the audience received an impression from it, which was never possible on any of the big stages where we had seen it so often. Even though it was given in Italian, the action was so expressive, and the artists made it carry so well, that people who had seen it before under other conditions were thoroughly surprised to find what there was in it, and the skill with which the singers brought it out.

On the other hand, suppose you see it from a good seat in the balcony in the Auditorium in Chicago, where it was given a number of times last winter. The singers on the stage are in cold fact a half a block away, or as opera-goers measure distance in New York, a full block, and four stories below. Now what chance would any actor have of making the glance of his eyes carry? The actor is put to no such test, but the singer has to meet it every time he steps onto the stage, and trying in some way to solve the problem he is lead into an overemphasis, which makes him stilted or exaggerated.

KARLETON HACKETT.

Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" on the Stage

THE carping critics may say that "Little Women," the dramatization by Marian de Forest and Jessie Bonstelle of Miss Louisa Alcott's popular book, is not a play, but they cannot deny that it is a success. It succeeds because it is true.

It is true not only because every one of the characters has been taken from life, and because the setting on the stage is an exact replica of the setting of the story, but because it depicts the simple joys and sorrows, the fun and the tears that enter into our everyday existence, of which the world knows so little and we ourselves so much! It treats of the big and the little things that come into our ordinary lives to try tempers and to make destinies. The play makes its appeal not as a dramatic story, nor as a *genre* picture, but as a family chronicle full of humanity and true sentiment and free from theatrical effect and studied emotion. It is realism in its truest sense—a piece out of life which we know to have had its beginning long before the curtain rose, and which will go on even as we return home to continue the thread of our own lives.



Mishkin
JESSIE BONSTELLE
Who first conceived the idea
of putting "Little Women" on
the stage

The scene is laid in the sitting-room of the March home, which, down to minutest detail, is exactly like that in the old Alcott house, which, thanks to the clubwomen of Concord, Massachusetts, stands to-day as it did when Bronson Alcott discussed transcendentalism with the others of that famous group of New England philosophers and, when Louisa first exercised her genius by writing penny-dreadfuls. In the last act there is a short scene played in the Plumfield Orchard, where so many of the March girls' pranks and games were played.

The play opens, as does the book, with the girls discussing the throes of thrift, especially severe around Christmas time. Jo, as usual, is sprawled out on the hearth rug reading a book; Meg is giving eldest sisterly advice, most of which is directed at and assimilated by Amy, while Beth is quietly and unobtrusively attending to her household tasks. This chatter and banter leads to the rehearsal of Jo's latest creation of the pen, a thrilling melodrama, in which Marie Parey, as the dashing Roderigo, struts about in the identical boots worn by the original Jo and which she got "from a friend who knew a lady who knew an actor."

This act includes the incident of Jo's sacrifice of her one pride—her glorious chestnut mane of hair—and the pathetic little "private moan" she held when she finally realized the significance of her sacrifice. It closes with the arrival of a telegram from the war hospital summoning Mrs. March to Washington and the departure of "Marmee" for the South.

When the second curtain rises the convalescent father has returned home to face the difficulties attached to large families and diminished incomes. Help comes with the publication of Jo's first "thriller," and further complications in family affairs with the arrival of Dan Cupid. Meg lets him in—to Jo's utter disgust and dismay and to the delight of everyone else, for John Brooke is as nice and honest a lad as one could find. But Jo turns him out, for she tells Laurie, her loyal playmate, that she can never love him nor any man!

The genial German professor, Dr. Baehr, here makes his first appearance, as does the irascible Aunt March, whose tongue is as sharp as her heart is warm. The curtain falls as Amy, a vision of loveliness, arrayed for the ball, hesitates upon the stairs, unwilling to interrupt her mother, who is seeking to comfort Laurie with the reassurance that some day he will surely find the girl that was meant for him. It is an ominous moment!

In the third act we find all the excitement and bustle of a

household enlarged by the arrival of twins—Meg's famous "Demi" and "Daisy." We have a demonstration of Jo's "genius burning" as the scarlet bow on her bonnet of inspiration signals a warning for silence! We see the beginning of a love affair for the impenetrable Jo and the death of her beloved little Beth.

A jolly scene in the orchard, where Laurie makes love to Amy under difficulties and an umbrella, and a soberer scene of like import between Jo and the professor end the play.

After Miss Alcott had published the first part of her book she was flooded with letters of inquiry, criticism and protest. Everybody was saying, "And then?" So she wrote Part Two to tell them what happened "then," but not before recording a protest in her diary: "More letters from girls to ask whom the little women marry, as if that were the only end of a woman's life. No! I won't marry Laurie and Jo to please anyone."

History, as is its habit, repeated itself, and so, just as soon as it was announced that this book was to be dramatized, the collaborators were besieged with offers of daguerreotypes, clothes, furniture and furnishings to make the setting historically correct, and suggestions for better endings and changes in the plot which the writers thought would be more satisfactory.

"Their chief worry is the marriage of Laurie and Jo," said Miss Bonstelle. "Girls seem to think the dramatization is made to remedy all the disappointments in the book. But it would be only disloyal to the 'Little Women' themselves to make any radical changes as in the relation between these two, but Miss Alcott has made such a genuine life-study of all her characters that even after these years they cannot be retouched without vitally affecting the whole story. Whatever you may find in the play which you do not recall having read in the book, be assured that we have the authority of Miss Alcott's diary for putting it in. In the book, you know, not much is written about Beth's death, but we have made a scene of this because it helps to emphasize the sweetness and the spirituality of the child and the tender big-heartedness and strength of Jo. When Beth says: 'This morning I watched the sunrise as the darkness faded into the gray and the violet. I watched and waited . . . the sky got rosy and beautiful and then—everything seemed to stand still, as if God's hand had rested on the earth for a moment. And then—the glory of the sun! It was like going through a long, dark passage—or a grave—and suddenly coming into light! And—Jo, dear—I knew, then, that the Angel of Life was waiting for me!'—when she says that, she is merely repeating what little eleven-year-old Louisa Alcott confided to her diary."

Because the centre of the story is the centre of a true woman's dreams—the home—this play makes its especial appeal to the feminine part of the audience. But it is said on authority by those who were there to see and hear, fathers and brothers went to see it, too, that they laughed just as heartily over the funny and the foolish things that happened, and that they blew their noses very hard and coughed alarmingly as they contemptuously regarded the women-folk shamelessly using their pocket handkerchiefs for a wee bit of a weep!

With what sentiment the American woman cherishes her "Little Women" this little poem, dedicated to the players and written by May Goddrich Hewes, serves best to show:

Dear comrades of those happy days,
When as a little girl I read
With many smiles and many tears
Of the quaint things you did and said,
I little thought as then I scanned
With eager eyes each glowing page,
That you would step from out Book-Land
And I should find you on the stage!
Yet here I greet you as of old—
My "Little Women." As I see
The story of your lives unfold
The breath of youth comes back to me.
My spirit playmates! here I greet
Your living presence warm and sweet.

E. F. v. B.



No. 1. The four "little women"—Beth (Gladys Hulette), Jo (Marie Pavey), Meg (Alice Brady), Amy (Berkeley West). No. 2. Marmee (Gertrude Berkeley) and the four little women. No. 3. The courtship of Meg. No. 4. The passing of Beth. No. 5. Amy asks Laurie (Howard Esterbrooke) to button her glove. No. 6. Jo in the apple orchard.

SCENES IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF "LITTLE WOMEN" NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE PLAYHOUSE



Sarony

MARTHA HEDMAN

Swedish actress brought to America by Charles Frohman to play Renée in "The Attack"

A Newcomer on Broadway

A CROWN of wonderful flaxen hair, milk white skin and deep blue eyes, a young woman of great charm of manner, that sparkling, blonde type which has been the ideal of the Scandinavian races for centuries—that is Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress who made her American début in "The Attack" at the Garrick Theatre last month.

Prior to her first appearance here as John Mason's leading woman, Miss Hedman was quite unknown in America. In fact, she had never before acted in English. Her success on Broadway will doubtless encourage her to remain here. The part she played in "The Attack" gave her little opportunity to show of what she was really capable. As the young girl who makes love to the elderly French Senator, she played with nice delicacy and restraint a most difficult and exacting rôle. Not only has she a pleasing personality, but she showed fine technique, careful schooling, and held herself well in hand throughout. The critics were not slow to give her as much credit for talent as beauty.

For several years Miss Hedman has acted in the leading theatres of Stockholm. The strength and sturdiness of the North is apparent at a glance, and yet there is a certain softness about her features which suggests the temperamental qualities of the South.

"Until the first performance of 'The Attack' in Buffalo, a week before the New York opening, I had never acted in English," said Miss Hedman in her apartment at the Hotel Majestic the other day. "I went to London about a year ago to visit my sister, who is on the stage there. I liked England so well I remained there for several months. Of course, I studied the language and I was soon able to make myself understood, although I do not speak it fluently. Last summer I met Mr. Dion Boucicault, and he brought me to the attention of Mr. Frohman, who engaged me for 'The Attack.' Before I sailed for America I went back to Stockholm for a brief visit and I witnessed the Olympic games before sailing for New York.

"Where was I born? I was born in Ostersund, a little town in northern Sweden, where my father was postmaster. When I was fourteen I went to Helingsfors, Finland, where I entered one of the government schools for the stage. One of my teachers was Siri von Essen, August Strindberg's first wife. She took a great interest in me. In fact, she made me her private pupil and devoted practically all of her time to me. When I was eighteen, Albert Ranft, the Charles Frohman of Sweden, engaged me for



Sarony

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF MISS HEDMAN

one of his companies in Stockholm. Almost before I knew it I was playing prominent rôles. I appeared in several of Strindberg's dramas and in Shakespearian repertory. Strindberg seemed interested in me, and I was intimately acquainted with each of his three wives. His first wife died within a few weeks of his demise. His second wife is now living in London, while his widow, Harriet Bosse, is one of the leading actresses in Stockholm. I understand 'The Father' is the only one of Strindberg's dramas that has been produced in New York. That's a pity. He was a very great man, but it will be many years before his dramas are understood here. To-day you would call 'Miss Julie' unfit for presentation. Ten years from now you will hail it as a great drama."

KARL K. KITCHEN.



LOBBY OF THE NEW SPRECKLES' THEATRE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

This splendid new playhouse built by a wealthy resident of San Diego is said to represent an expenditure of \$1,000,000. It is described as one of the most beautiful theatres in the world. The walls and ceiling of the lobby are entirely of pedrara onyx, and to utilize the translucency of this beautiful stone electric lights are concealed behind the slabs so that the beautiful decorative effect is secured. The house was formally opened on August 23 last with "Bought and Paid For"

HEALTHFUL amusement is a social necessity. No scheme of education is complete until it provides for the cheerful and innocent relaxation of the human mind. And the psychological moment has come for the churches of every name to make this matter a part of their recognized mission to the world.

On a recent holiday I visited one of the noted pleasure grounds of London and saw the shadow of care lifted from the faces of the multitude. Thousands of men had laid their worries down with their tools or locked them up with their papers, and had thrown themselves into the holiday current with all the spontaneity of little children. In the afternoon of the same day I went into one of the darkest corners of the great city and saw the people in whose lives all laughter had died away. And while I watched them there and reflected how great a service some generous Briton might do for his country and for his king by moving the whole of East London to Epping Forest for a day, I suddenly remembered having seen that same look of deadness to pleasure even on the faces of many pleasure-seekers, not alone in Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath, but in all London; not in London alone, but in steadfast and beautiful Edinburgh, where a-many-a palace of ancient nobility has become the fortress of modern wretchedness; in every city of Europe and the world. Wherever the people are gathered in groups or multitudes, there you will discover men that stand sullenly apart from the common joy, alone in the crowd, on their souls not only the burden of London and all the world of to-day, but the burden of Babylon and all the yesterdays, and on their faces the lingering shadow of the dark ages!

For such as these it is not enough to build a church and call them to prayer. Religion must everywhere manifest that social

The Duty of the Stage

By LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS

Lyman Edwyn Davis, L.L.D., of Pittsburgh, Pa., will be one of the orators addressing the Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference at Portland, Oregon, in June next, when *savants* and students from all parts of the world will discuss the stage and all manner of amusements found to be in competition with the church. Liberal churchmen, such men as the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, Rev. Dr. James S. Martin and Rev. Dr. James McGaw have come to regard the stage as a factor for good if directed for good, and their idea is to meet the natural competition in a rational way, i. e., make the church as interesting and as uplifting as the decent stage.

wisdom which recognizes the window of earthly hope as a necessary complement to the window of heavenly faith. Joy must be made to spring forth in the path of loneliness; and even the desert of despair may become a garden of happiness if men will only dig occasional wells of laughter!

In an up-to-date asylum for the insane they keep a good artist for no other purpose than just to sing a laughing-song, because they discovered that certain phases of melancholia are cured in that way. There is a kind of social melancholia abroad in many lands to-day. And when I saw the shadow of the disease again in Hampstead Heath I could not rid myself of a certain strange wish, rising almost to the heights of prayer, that for one day at least all the church bells of London, including the chimes of the great cathedral that broods so lovingly over the city yonder in the distance, might be attuned to the laughing-song, to dispel, if possible, this malady which has quarantined so many souls from the joy of the multitude.

But while we may all believe in the ministry of amusement, our age has permitted and encouraged the degradation of all the popular pleasures. All proper amusement is the healthful relaxation of body, mind and spirit. But our standard of amusements to-day, beginning and ending with the stage, is pitifully low, and the contagion of mediocrity is forcing it constantly downward. It is just as true of a people's recreations as of their money that the bad will drive out the good, and when the bad is accepted at par value the good will perish. It is not enough to have right opinions on this subject. That will no more influence the healthful culture of the community than will gold hid in the garden help to relieve a financial panic. Every thoughtful Anglo-Saxon must inquire what to do. The recreations of a people largely determine their character. A man's

earthly ideals, as well as his religious hopes, will go with him to church, and rise to his loftiest mount of prayer; but his everyday life will uniformly find the level of his pleasures. What is the natural drift of a man's nature, when he lets go? What will a man do when he has nothing to do? What kind of material is your boy's pleasure-hour building into his character—gold, silver and precious stones, or hay, wood and stubble? These also are questions of the day! It is the duty of society, if led only by exalted self-interest and self-preservation, to fill the empty places of human life with intelligent amusements. This obligation lies, big with weal or woe, at the door of the churches; and perhaps the most important social adjunct of Christian duty at this moment is the elevation of the drama, and the displacement of those demoralizing by-plays which are shrivelling the youth of this Twentieth Century.

In what respect has the stage degenerated? What elements of power has it lost since the days of its greatest influence? Let us approach the subject on the positive side, rather than the negative, and recall the two great elements of dramatic literature; the two elements which represent the deepest well-springs of literature, and which have given to the stage, whether in Athens or in London, whether in Germany or in America, its every golden age, its every star of renown.

In the first place, the masters of dramatic literature have reproduced human nature in all its tragic fullness; human nature true to itself, the evil and the good alike, unrestrained by any authority, save only the master-motives of the soul and the dominant forces of environment. They have given to the stage the whole man, the typical character, in all its integrity. If separate attributes and passions are delineated it is only to develop and photograph, all the more clearly, the final unit of personality.

Shakespeare makes you see the sordid ambition of Macbeth; Sophocles makes you see the very essence of woe in the person of Oedipus; Goethe makes you see the genius of social iniquity in the person of Mephistopheles; Dickens makes you see the ugliness of false humility in the person of Uriah Heep. But these formative traits are introduced simply to mark the evolution of a complete nature; and, in the final presentment, what these great masters have compelled you to see is Macbeth himself, and Oedipus himself, and Mephistopheles himself, and Uriah Heep himself; and so vividly to see them that they are forever walking before you on the stage of human life. That kind of drama, properly understood, is elevating and ennobling, because it makes vice repulsive and virtue beautiful. The Bible itself thus photographs human life in all its rugged fulness, for the Bible is not only a revelation of the divine will, but a revelation also of human nature; a looking-glass for the souls of way-

ward men. What is the other enduring element in dramatic literature? Moral inspiration! If there is one immortal book in any literature, it has been made immortal by the self-radiant halo of some great and eternal truth. Take for example Shakespeare's King

Lear, when he is on the heath in the midnight thunder-storm, and at the moment when the ingratitude of his children is about to compass the overthrow of his reason; and yet, for the moment, his reason all the keener for its frenzy of righteous indignation. It is then he utters that pathetic apostrophe to the storm:

"I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness!"

I never gave you kingdoms; never called you children."

Where did Shakespeare find the demons of human nature with which he peoples the hearts of those ungrateful daughters? He found them right there in London; for the city is human nature tortured with devils. Where did Shakespeare find that moral genius which presides over the tragedy of "King Lear" from first to last, rebuking the sin of ingratitude as by the voice of heaven? That, too, he found in London, for the city is also human nature transfigured on the mountain.

In a word, every genius who has contributed literary greatness and moral good to the stage, has achieved that result by presenting human passions in conflict with moral forces; and he has so presented this conflict that whether for the moment good or evil wins the victory, the aftermath of influence is for the good of humanity. These great elemental principles must be restored to the drama, and there is happily in many quarters, both behind the curtain and in the arena of public sentiment, an honest endeavor to elevate the stage. All creative work in literature follows, however afar off, the first creative work of all: the common clay of human nature, in all its ugliness; and then the fashioning hand of genius; and then the breath of moral energy! And, for the public welfare, for the preservation of the State and for the salvation of human society, these voices must echo, through whatsoever whispered influ-

ence, some lofty sentiment such as Sophocles uttered for the Athenian stage more than two thousand years ago:

"O may I live

Sinless and pure in every word and deed,
Ordained by those firm laws that hold their realm
On high."

LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS.



Gould & Marsden MAURICE FARKOA
As Gabor Szabo in "The Merry Countess," at the Casino

Maude Adams and a company of over fifty players left New York on Oct. 3 for Charlotte, North Carolina. Charles Frohman gave the first of two hundred performances of "Peter Pan," which piece interspersed with special University performances of two other Barrie plays, "The Legion of Leonora" and "The Ladies' Shakespeare," will constitute Miss Adams' repertoire for the next season and a half. The present tour is a wide one, touching points as far apart as New Orleans and Vancouver.



Saron

MRS. FISKE

This distinguished actress will appear in New York in December in a new play by Edward Sheldon entitled "The High Road." The play deals with modern American life and Mrs. Fiske will play a role of great dramatic and psychological interest.



Photos, Gabriel Moulin

THE DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

The Bohemian Club's New Grove Play

THE famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco presented their annual grove play in the club's primeval grove, near Guerneville, California, on Saturday night, August 10 last, when Joseph Redding's blank verse drama, "The Atonement of Pan," was presented to a distinguished audience, comprising a thousand San Francisco members of the club and their friends, and also a large number of guests from Eastern cities, among whom were many literary and artistic celebrities.

It is doubtful if the full beauties of Redding's blank verse story can ever be thoroughly appreciated outside the Grove, for much of its charm depends upon the natural forest atmosphere and the traditions of this unique club. The music by Henry Hadley, leader of the San Francisco symphony orchestra, on the other hand, will be enjoyed anywhere. It is generally conceded to be the most original work of Mr. Hadley's career, surpassing in freedom from convention "The Four Seasons," which until now has been considered his best effort.

Pan, Arcadian deity of pastoral life, born a perfect child, misused his trust, causing the flocks and herds under his charge to fight with one another, with the result that he discovers that he himself has become deformed. He would do penance; he would bring harmony out of discord. Little Zephyrus, youngest son of Astræus, father of the Winds, and of Eos, has been held by his mother in innocence and purity. He and Pan become fast friends, and upon Eos disclosing to Pan her intention to leave her home with the boy in order that he may not know the cruelty of life, Pan agrees to conduct them to Arcadia. Astræus, discovering their flight, in rage calls upon his Harpies, and sends them forth in the height of the storm to recover his wife and son. Ten years elapse, and the scene is transferred to the shrine of Diana in Arcadia. The quiet of the vale is rudely broken into by Orion and a party of his hunters. They discover Pan asleep at the base of a statue of Diana. Awakened, he rails at the intruders, invokes the magic of Diana's charmed well, induces them to drink, intoxicates them and drives them from the sacred spot, reeling and turning, to the mad music of his pipes. Night falls and nymphs timidly appear in the moonlight. They gather courage, and after a series of dances and floral figures, bring in Chloris, whom they crown as Flora, goddess bountiful. Pan returns with Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, and discloses to him the beauty of the scene. The youth is enchanted with Flora and discloses his passion to her, while the nymphs daintily retreat into the bowers. Their love scene is interrupted by the return of Orion in a brutal mood. He would capture Flora for himself. Zephyrus shields her. Orion rushes upon him with uplifted knife. There is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies

from Diana's bow and strikes Orion through the heart. He falls dead at the foot of the statue. The hunters, their chorus turned to a dirge, place the body of Orion upon their shoulders and disappear into the forest. To the music of their dance the nymphs return and form a tableau of adoration as Zephyrus

leads Flora from the scene. Pan enters, alone in the moonlight, and, after a short soliloquy, falls asleep at the base of the statue, the theme of Diana floating out upon the evening air. The last scene returns to the home of Astræus, who is discovered in dejected mood in front of his cave. His mighty prowess and his Harpies' efforts have been without avail. Some higher power has held them at bay. Eos is discovered far from the mountain, holding by either hand Flora and Zephyrus, Pan completing the picture. Eos explains her absence and that she has pledged the union of the twain. She will return to Astræus if he also will give consent to this great union. The father of Destruction confesses that his love is greater than his hate; he longs for his wife's return; he gives the pledge; the processional down the mountain ensues. Astræus completes the union between Flora and Zephyrus and leads his wife back to their home. All eyes are turned to Pan. He thanks the gods that his prayer has been answered. Before them all his deformities disappear, and amid a great flood of light, which illuminates the forest, he stands before the world once more the perfect child created at birth.

Foremost in the cast was David Bispham, transformed for the evening into the pastoral deity Pan, who in his early days was called to rule in fair Arcadia. The remainder of the dramatis personæ were: Zephyrus (as a child), youngest son of Astræus and his wife Eos, Master Nielson; Zephyrus (as a youth grown), Harold Baxter; Eos, wife of Astræus and mother of Zephyrus, afterward Aurora, Richard M. Hotaling; Astræus, Father of the Winds of Destruction, Myron Wolf; Nicotloe, one of the Harpies, Randal Borough; Acholoe, another Harpie, Harris Allen; Orion, a demigod and hunter, J. Wilson Shiels; Silenus, cup bearer to Orion, Henry A. Melvin; Chloris, an Arcadian Nymph, J. C. Dorin. On August 24th last the University of California presented "The Atonement of Pan" at the open-air Greek Theatre at Berkeley.



DAVID BISPHAM AS PAN



After atoning for his sin Pan is transformed

Scenes in Shaw's Comedy "Fanny's First Play" at the Comedy Theatre



Photos White

Mrs. Knox (Mary Barton)	Margaret Knox (Gladys Harvey)	Joseph Knox (Arnold Lucy)
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Act II. Mr. Knox: "There's only one thing I care about in the world—to keep this dark!"



Mary Barton	Arnold Lucy
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Act II. Mrs. Knox: "If a girl hasn't happiness in herself she can't be happy anywhere"



Juggins (Walter Creighton)	Bobby (Quentin Tod)
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Act III. Bobby: "Would you call me 'sir' if you were not paid to do it?"

"TRIFLES make perfection," written The Best Dressed Actor on the Stage

than that splendid actor, Charles Fechter. Not the actor,

in grease paint across a large gold-framed mirror that hung in the green room of the old Boston Museum in the "palmy days," made an indelible impression on the mind of John Mason, who was then playing with the Boston Museum Stock Company. "Those few words have been my motto all through my career on the stage," he said, while waiting in the wings at the Garrick Theatre, before his entrance in the third act of "The Attack," a few nights ago.

Trifles, such as the manner of wearing one's necktie, one's gloves—one's entire dress; the way different persons carry themselves—stand, walk, sit—these, Mr. Mason says, are not trifling to the careful and thoughtful actor. "Really," he says, "as with a woman, the first thing that strikes my attention is a man's dress. I can always describe what kind of a gown a woman wore after seeing her, even if only for a moment. Likewise, a man's attire impresses me. A man's station—his position in society, his profession, or business, or trade; or, perchance, his criminal vocation, can to a large extent be told from his clothes and his manner of wearing them. Like the woman who exclaims, 'Oh, what a beautiful gown she has on!' I always note the kind of clothes a man has on, and how he wears them. That is the first step."

To one who has seen John Mason, either on or off the stage, it is very apparent that dress is his strong card. We always think of him as the best dressed actor on the stage. Dress and John Mason are closely associated together, and in every stage characterization he is particularly careful as to the clothes he should wear for his part. He will practice for hours holding a glove in his hand to get some particular effect, or study how far down over his cuffs the sleeves of his coat should come. To an audience, these little things are not noticeable in themselves, but they all go to make up some certain effect the actor wishes to produce.

"I believe absolutely in the mechanics of acting, not in any inspiration on the stage," says Mr. Mason. "Self-control is the actor's greatest safeguard. I know there are actors who surrender themselves to the sway of passion. I once saw E. J. Henley and Julia Arthur rush off the stage after a passionate scene at the old Union Square Theatre, and in their blindness carry an old-fashioned back-drop with them. The most tremendous scene in a play could not blind me to the fact that my coat-sleeve pulled down to my hand would produce an ugly effect. I would be careful to see that a quarter of an inch of my cuff showed below the sleeve."

Walking through the streets Mr. Mason notes the dress of those he passes, even as a woman pauses at a shop window to view the latest Paris creations. After he has formed a complete mental photograph of what a person wears he then takes in any little peculiarities the person may have. This is how he goes about, always studying people, using this thing and that afterwards in his stage portrayals.

Sometimes he draws on his memory for many years for a living example of the character he is about to portray. For instance, the prototype of Senator Merital in "The Attack" was none other

merely, but the man, both on and off the stage.

"I knew Charles Fechter well as a boy," said Mr. Mason, "and as I remember him he was just the type of Frenchman as Merital. He was an Alsatian, you know, and had all the mannerisms of an intellectual French statesman."

"When I had finished reading the play manuscript of Henri Bernstein's play, 'The Attack,' Senator Merital's speech, which gives the play its name, brought to mind an incident that occurred a great many years ago at the old Daly's, which was known then as the Broadway Theatre."

"I entered the darkened auditorium of the old playhouse in the midst of a rehearsal of 'No Thoroughfare.' Fechter was sitting at the prompting table with his head buried in his hands, his body shaking between sobs. It was evident that there had been an onslaught of acting that displeased him greatly. Then came the crisis, as he cried out aloud:

"'Oh, it is not for myself, but for you—O God!'

"Instantly there passed through my mind Charles Fechter in the character of Obrenreizer in this play, and I saw that there was Merital as Bernstein pictured him to me. So I modelled my Merital after Fechter in this part, and as the man, off the stage, too. Obrenreizer was a villain, to be sure, but his features were cast in the same mould as I pictured those of the French senator."

The first thing that caught the eye of the audience when Doctor Seelig entered upon the scene in the first act of "As a Man Thinks" was Mr. Mason's perfect-fitting clothes.

"There is more truth than poetry in the saying that 'clothes make the man,'" says the actor. "First impressions count the most. Now, I do not say that my clothing of this part would fit any and every type

of physician. As physicians differ, so do their clothes. The particular character of Doctor Seelig, for instance, would dress as I did on the stage. I know, for I found an exact prototype of Doctor Seelig in the person of an eminent Jewish physician who is the head of one of the largest institutions in New York, and who is one of the best-known and highest-ranking physicians in the country. For that very reason I do not feel that I can divulge his name. It would be as the doctors say, 'a breach of professional etiquette.' Then again, even though they may be keen on dissecting others, they do not like to be laid on the table themselves.

"As I have said, I was fortunate enough to find the exact living counterpart of Doctor Seelig before playing the part. It was a strange coincidence, too. The very day Mr. Thomas described the character to me I had the good luck to sit opposite to the original—at least, as far as I was concerned in my stage portrayal—in a street car. I suppose if I had not been thinking of the part, and if Mr. Thomas had not painted a striking word picture of the character for me I probably would not have seen the likeness in the man reading a newspaper opposite to me in the car."

Perhaps, in no piece did dress play so much a part with this actor as in "The Witching Hour," in which he appeared as a gambler.



Copyright Charles Frohman
Sidney Herbert and John Mason in "The Attack," at the Garrick Theatre



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS PRINCESS KATHERINE IN "HENRY V"



White
RENEE KELLY
Now appearing in "June Madness," at the Fulton Theatre



White
MADGE KENNEDY
Plays the title rôle in "Little Miss Brown," at the 48th Street Theatre



Sarony
GERTRUDE HITZ
Leading lady for William Hodge in "The Man From Home."

"Gamblers always wear perfectly fitting clothes," he said. "They are fastidious as to their dress, and their clothes are always the best that can be made, even if they are 'loud.' His clothes must set just so, and, being a man of free-and-easy money, he does not spare a penny in getting the best there is. Of course, his tastes may not, and usually do not, conform to the standard, but, for all that, the gambler is natty, if sporty in appearance."

In dress, as in every other particular, Mr. Mason was the typical gambler in this play. "I will never forget when Mason made his first entrance on the opening night of 'The Witching Hour,'" said Augustus Thomas, the author of the piece. "I was standing near the right-hand stage box, which held a party of well-known gambling 'kings,' and when Mason made his entrance I overheard a couple of the men in the box remark, 'He's got the clothes, all right!'"

Speaking in the vernacular, he also had "the goods" on them, for throughout the piece he accentuated his acting by injecting telling little, though impressive, bits in his portrayal of the gambler that made the part real in every particular. In the first act he walked in a careless manner, and slouched when he sat down. As he stood talking he half leaned against and placed one leg over the corner of a table. Everything about him betokened carelessness in his personal habits except his dress. Even in this there was a marked difference in the last two acts, when the actor showed more care in the manner of wearing his clothes, and more taste in their selection. While no better dressed, so far as the quality of the material of his clothing went, he was more natty and less sporty in appearance as the play wore on. Mr. Mason told me at the time that he wished to differentiate between the two stages in his life—in the play. To show the gambler before being regenerated, and afterwards, he said, by his clothes. He not only clothed himself in the gambler's garb, being particular about the close-cut, snug-fitting garments he wore in the play—he actually got under the skin of the part.

When "The Witching Hour" was produced the "wise ones" along Broadway said that the character of Jack Brookfield was constructed around the life of Richard Canfield, the notorious gambler. Everyone "told you so!" Whether this was so or not, Canfield had been a favorite subject for mental dissection by Mr. Mason for several years, and when finally the actor was called upon to play the part of a gambler it was only natural that he should inject a little of this famous gambler into his playing of the part.

"All my lifetime I have associated more or less with men in the sporting set, and have been thrown into close contact with the leading gamblers of the world," the actor said to the present writer. "I knew Richard Canfield and before his famous gambling palace was closed I was often to be found there—yes, in the game, but playing a little game all by myself as well. I was there for two reasons. Like many others, I liked to gamble, but I also wanted to study the most interesting and highly sensitive 'type' that exists—the big professional gambler. Of course, Canfield was my favorite, and I studied and dissected him so carefully that I finally got so that I did things à la Canfield. Really, I had a hard time of it to keep from 'playing' Canfield when I was in the game at his place! But when I came to play Jack Brookfield I was very careful not to play Canfield. I modelled the part after a number of well-known gamblers."



ANNA ARCHBALD
Seen in a wide range of rôles with the Coleman Players in Rochester, N. Y. Miss Archbald is the daughter of Judge R. W. Archbald of the U. S. Commerce Court

One of the most striking bits of "business" employed by Mr. Mason in "The Witching Hour" was that he never once took off his gloves in the first act, after entering from the street, although the scene was the living room of Jack Brookfield's gambling house in Louisville. It was a small thing in itself, and the point of it was missed by about two-thirds of every audience, but it nevertheless "did the trick." It drew attention to the actor's hands, and that was what he wanted.

"You can always tell a gambler by his hands," says this actor. "The two small fingers are always

(Continued on page vi)



Photo Matzene

LAURETTE TAYLOR

To appear in New York this season in J. Hartley Manners' play, "Peg o' My Heart," which has had great success in California

A Chat with the Author of "Ready Money"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the pink faced youth who wrote the chief comedy success of the young season, "Ready Money," is an excessively nervous young man. No toy man strung on wires was ever more tense nor incessantly moving than he. He is an actor, and when the writer was with him the other day he spoke as an actor, thought as an actor, walked and smoked as an actor.

"We live wrong," he complained of himself and the members of his profession. "We sleep too much. A man in our profession sleeps the day away, gets up and stuffs himself with food, goes to the theatre, plays his part, dresses, goes back to his hotel and sleeps until time to stuff and go to the theatre again. What we ought to do is to go to bed at two or three and leave our sheets or blankets at ten or eleven. We ought to read a great deal, everything but novels. Actors seldom read anything except contracts. Every actor ought to read 'Sartor Resartus' again and again. It will teach him as nothing else could, to take the measure of a man. It enables us to see him naked of all his trappings, to look at him squarely in the soul. We ought to read Emerson, all of him if we can. If not then the Essay on Compensation will be enough. We're a rather crazy lot. We lack balance and that will give us poise. We need philosophy, and that essay read and reread will summarize for us the best philosophy in the world. If we make that essay ours we will acquire the balance we all need. We ought to read Ruskin. His 'Stones of Venice,' will make us see the things we should see. After thoughtfully reading that we will never pass a building without studying its construction. We will see a cornice for the first time and know the reason for it. We ought to read Samuel Clemens, his 'Mustang Gray,' which was written long ago and is little known, and his 'Bernard Lyle.'

"An actor ought to write. Having read a book or a story he ought to write a synopsis of it, regard it as play material and write the scenerio. He ought to write, because choosing words to fit his meaning and writing them gives him a knowledge of their value that speaking will never do. An actor can read his lines better if he writes. For instance, there are lines in my play that seem to me plain enough. I've tried to write down to the bone, yet I've had great trouble in having them understandingly read. That is because actors have not written and so gotten a true idea of word values. The actors who write are all good actors. Tom Wise for instance. Hear him extract the heart's blood from a sentence!"

"An actor's associates?" prompted the interviewer. "They should be men of other professions for his broadening?"

"Yes. But for the deepening of his own art he should associate with men of his own profession, but always men who are above him in attainment. I confess that I cultivated acquaintance with George Cohan for a purpose. He is a very successful young man, and I wanted to study him and find out why. It wasn't easy. It never is for an obscure young actor to know people worth while in his own profession. But I managed it."

"How?"

"I shall have to go back a few years to tell you." The cigarette shortened in his hand. He smiled. "I was an actor in the Spooner stock company, in Brooklyn. I was with it for five years. I was as most other actors are. I slept all the time I was not acting or rehearsing. I lived three blocks from the theatre, and one day I noticed that a large building I had passed without actually seeing it was a public library. Since we had begun then to play only three matinees a week I resolved to go in there and look the books over some day. I went in the next day. I picked

up a book. I don't remember what. I went back for another. I began to be a nuisance to the librarian. I would ask for twenty books at random, examine them and not find anything I wanted and send them all back. The librarian got tired of this excess labor."

"You may go back and look through the shelves yourself," he said, and after that I climbed the shelf ladders as a squirrel mounts from branch to branch of a tree. After a year he began to ask me where to find books. I read and read and read. That's the reason George Cohan and others allowed an actor playing a bit at the Gaiety Theatre, drawing forty dollars a week in 'The Fortune Hunter,' to go about with them. He had something to give in return for their society. He had read and remembered, had sifted what he had read and thought and scribbled about it."

"But the real writing, the writing of plays?" I asked.

The young man laughed. "I have only written one play," he said. "A play isn't a play unless it runs a hundred nights. But I began thinking about a play back in the Spooner stock days. It seemed to me there was nothing in what I was doing. It seemed to lead nowhere. And my thoughts turned

not to play interpretation but to play construction. I began to talk about a play I wanted to write until my friends made faces. 'You write a play,' they laughed scornfully. But I kept on talking about it until I lost them. The play finally reached a title, 'The Native Sons.' I reached the stage of a first act and I sold the first act to Nat Goodwin, then finished the rest. He played it in the spring for eight weeks in California where it had an appeal because it dealt with California life.

"I next wrote 'The Aviator.' It didn't go. I studied its failure and said to myself: 'It must be the subject.' I thought, 'What subject does interest people?' I thought, 'Love, money.' There I stopped. 'The Fortune Hunter,' a success, was about money. 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,' a success, was about money. I thought, 'I will write a play about money.' Anyone who uses his eyes sees what a difference the mere showing of a roll of greenbacks makes in the attitude of the world toward a man. I determined to write a play about it. I told George Cohan the story of it. We stopped on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street and he said: 'I think that will go.' I told Oliver Morosco and John Blackwood the first act, still unwritten, in George Cohan's office and they said: 'We'll take it,' and they paid me six hundred dollars. I finished it and it was used in the Morosco Theatre, in Los Angeles. But the last act wasn't right. I worked on it in this room for three days and nights. I never slept. The last act had to be ready for the Chicago opening. I wrapped a towel filled with cracked ice around my head. I finished the act and it was ready in time for the rehearsals for the Chicago opening.

"I'm at work now on a dramatization of 'Bachelors and Benedicts.' I am associated with a literary man. I'm not literary, but I think I know something of the drama. The play wasn't right. I knew that when I went to London and saw 'Milestones,' and other exquisite plays. I came back and ripped up my work and began at the first. I worked all last night. I haven't slept since night before last."

"Isn't that dissipation?"

"A form of it." He nodded indifferently. With young Mr. Montgomery work comes before the man.

The next instant he was back to acting and preparation for acting. "If we all wrote," he said, "rehearsals wouldn't be the hard times they are." He thrust the

(Continued on page vii)



White JAMES MONTGOMERY

From the "Tanks" to Broadway



Moffett

EDITH TALIAFERRO

Appearing in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in London, this season

WHEN a play fails so badly in New York City that it must be taken off at once, the average theatre-goer does not evince any surprise that another production is ready to take its place immediately. Sometimes the house is dark for a night of two; but, as a rule, while the failure is on its way to the storehouse its successor is taking possession of the stage, and will be quite at home when the curtain goes up in the evening. Yet Mr. Theatre-goer has never heard of this new play. Where it came from or who organized the company which interprets it with such perfect smoothness and *aplomb* is all a mystery to him.

Vaguely he supposes the new offering has been in preparation for weeks, and that had not had the much-heralded society drama, "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," proved a hopeless "frost," thus leaving the stage of the Arcadia vacant, the play which takes its place would have been put on in some other Broadway theatre with due impressiveness.

That is what the uninterested outsider may surmise—if he takes the trouble to speculate on the matter at all. But the man responsible for the collapsing enterprise, and who in the morning will see \$20,000 or so crossed off his bank balance by the stroke of a critic's pen, could tell a different story. It would be one

of hustle, resource and nerve-racking anxiety, which would open the eyes of the placid individual who takes all tremendous theatrical achievement for granted, and it would materially increase his respect for the *entrepreneur*.

The professional critic and discerning play-goer who sit in a theatre on a first night and cheerfully damn the play and performance from their orchestra chairs need not think they are the first to recognize a "flivver." Why, before the curtain went up on the third and last act of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," the manager had seen it wouldn't do. If he wanted verification of his own verdict, he soon got it. He and some of his business staff had mingled unostentatiously with the newspaper critics in the foyer and had caught enough of their comments to anticipate what would appear in print in the morning.

Off to his private office goes the manager. With him are his lieutenants, including the press agent. A very brief conference, and then, while some one rings a messenger call, the manager writes a telegram.

"Rush that!" he tells the boy, as he slips a quarter "tip" into the young gentleman's hand. There is no class of business man which better understands the lubricating virtue of judicious "tips" than that of the theatrical calling.

By the time the final curtain falls on "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," the manager has an answer to his "wire," and, on the strength of it, instructs the press agent to announce in every New York paper that the enormously successful farce, "A Son of a Gun," will be seen for the first time in the metropolis at the Arcadia theatre on Wednesday evening. Nothing is said about "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" in the notice written by the press agent. It is unnecessary. The critics will attend to that.

One more performance of the unlucky affair will be given, so as to keep the theatre open on Tuesday. By that time the company playing "A Son of a Gun," and which is in Lansing, Michigan, to-night, can reach New York. The scenery of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," will be carried off to the storehouse as soon as the performance is over, and that of "A Son of a Gun" come in and be sorted out ready to be set before the carpenters and property men leave the theatre.

The next morning there will be a rehearsal, and the company individually will rush about the city to get little additions to their costumes that they feel they must have for a New York opening, although their outfit was good enough for "the road." Stage hands, stage manager, musical director and business staff will be all busy from early Wednesday morning till the curtain rings up in the evening. The performance may be a little "ragged," but you can't expect to bring a company in from the "tank towns" in a hurry and make them face a critical New York audience without their showing some nervousness.

The critics know all about this, and they are decent fellows, as a rule. So, if the piece is all right, they will make due allowance for loose ends here and there, and give the manager credit for his enterprise in so soon filling the place of the other play withdrawn.

If the piece is all right! There's the rub! "A Son of a Gun" has been doing well through Michigan. This very night in Lansing it has a big house and the people are enthusiastically pleased. There is a large advance sale for to-morrow in Pontiac, too. This proves the piece is "making good," as every experienced one-night-stander will testify. News, good or evil, travels several towns ahead of the company always—largely through "drummers," who are sure to "take in the show," and give their opinions freely in hotel lobbies and mercantile establishments afterward.

Pity "A Son of a Gun" can't play Pontiac, its next stand. That's impossible, however. The company must leave Lansing to-night, and a whole month of one night stands are cancelled, including Pontiac. On Wednesday it will be found whether New York endorses the favorable opinion of Michigan. Is the piece all right?

The second act of the three-act farce, "A Son of a Gun," is on when the manager and proprietor of the organization, Eugene Swift, gets a telegram from the prominent New York "producer"

Scenes in "The Count of Luxembourg" at the New Amsterdam



Photos White

Act I. The scene in Brissard's Studio, Paris



Juliette (Frances Cameron) Brissard (Fred Walton)
Act II. Juliette: "When I'm at home I generally drink watah!"



Angele Didier (Ann Swinburne) Count of Luxembourg (George L. Moore)
Act II. The waltz on the stairs.

and theatre manager, Jacob Steinman. (There is an hour's difference in time between New York and Michigan, be it remembered.) Mr. Swift, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, is "counting up" in the treasurer's private office at the back of the box-office when the message is handed to him. He puffs at his cigar and cuts open the yellow envelope deliberately. He looks up and tells the boy to wait, in case there should be an answer, before he takes the trouble to glance at its contents. Something from the printer's about his lithographs, no doubt.

He reads the first few words of the telegram, but fairly devours the remainder. Then he starts up and almost swallows his cigar. He *does* inhale a quantity of smoke that makes him cough and splutter convulsively. The message is brief, but comprehensive. It reads:

"Can you open 'Son of a Gun' Arcadia Theatre, New York, Wednesday evening, November 22? Answer quick. Leave Lansing to-night.—JACOB STEINMAN."

Mr. Steinman takes it for granted his offer will be accepted. Hence his admonition that the company shall leave Lansing to-night. He knows Mr. Swift has been trying to break into New York for two months. "A Son of a Gun" has proved itself a "road winner," and Swift believes it can stand the acid test of Broadway. As for Steinman, he doesn't know whether it would be a "go" in New York or not, but he is willing to try it. In fact, he must, for there is nothing else available; that is, a production good enough and near enough to come in and open so soon. With the failure of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" Mr. Steinman has no faith in his own judgment, and he wouldn't say that "A Son of a Gun" would be a Broadway hit even if he had seen it—which he hasn't.

Swift has no misgivings, however. Road managers seldom have, where their attractions are concerned. All they want is the chance to get to Broadway and they'll show 'em! Will he accept this offer from Steinman? Will he? Where's a telegraph blank. Mind that boy doesn't get away! Deuce take it! Give him a tele—Oh, here's one! All right! Hastily he scribbles:

"Jacob Steinman, Arcadia Theatre, New York City.—'Son of a Gun' company leaves Lansing to-night. Open Arcadia Wednesday sure.—EUGENE SWIFT."

Away goes the boy with the telegram and Mr. Swift resumes his counting of tickets. It is hard work, with his mind so full of this great chance that has at last come his way. *A New York opening!* By Jove, he must have a drink when he is through counting up! Wait a minute, though! Where's a sheet of letter-

paper? He takes one from the typewriter table and writes:

CALL.

'A Son of a Gun' Company.—Next stand New York City. Open Arcadia Theatre Wednesday evening, November 22. Leave Lansing, Michigan Central Railroad, 12 midnight, Monday 20th. All trunks ready immediately after performance. Rehearsal Arcadia Theatre, New York, November 22, 10:30 A. M. EUGENE SWIFT, Manager.

An usher carries the "Call" to the stage manager and tells him to play the third act as fast as he can. The stage manager reads the paper, gasps, and pins it to the call-board in the first entrance.

"New York? Well, I'll be——"

He can say no more. He is too full of emotion. His hand has been on the push-button, ready to ring down the curtain on the second act, as the usher gives him the "Call." He brings the curtain down now, and the actors all gather about the board. It is a good thing the orchestra is playing a loud military march, with plenty of cymbal and drum effect, or their exclamations must have been heard by the audience.

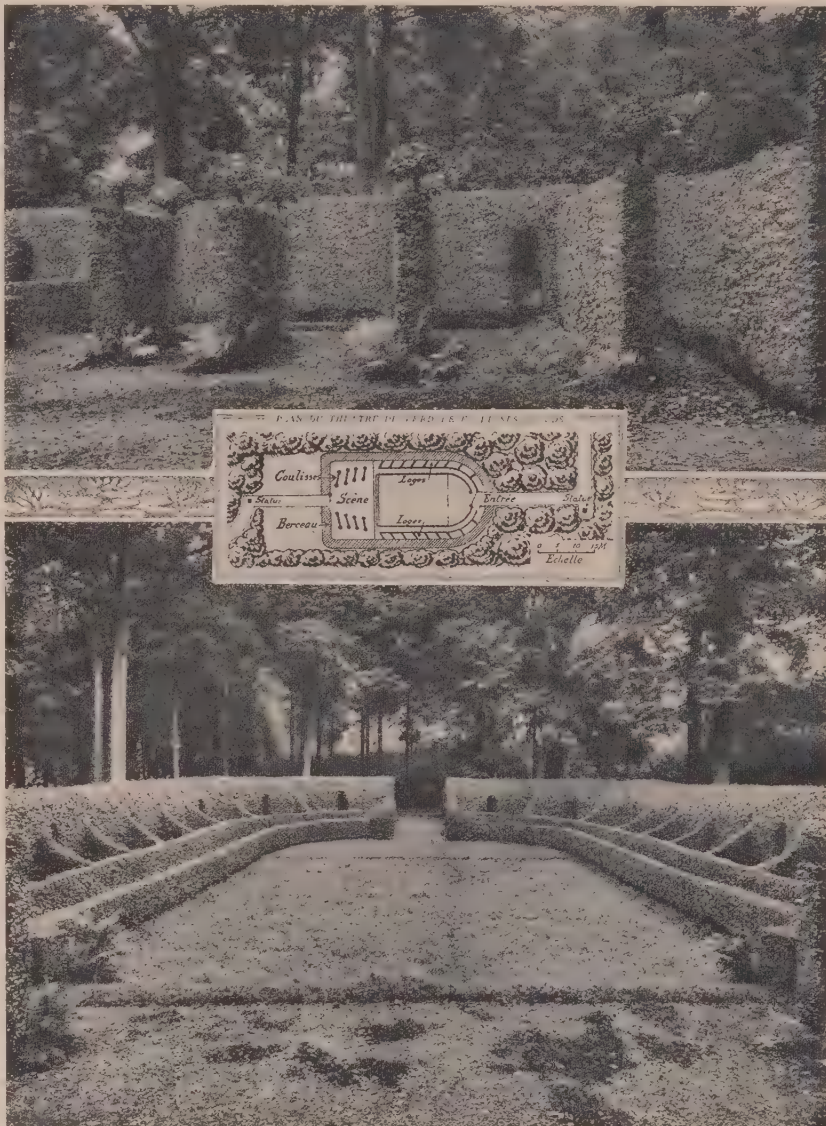
New York! After playing the "tank towns" for five weeks! It seems too good to be true. Until the stage manager calls "Third act!" the old-timers, who have played New York before, have a little fun telling the younger ones whose experience has been limited to "the road" that they'll need all their nerve. Then, having frightened the awe-stricken "kids" enough, the oldsters will

kindly add that "New York is nothing but a big bluff and the audiences are worse jays than you'll ever find in a jerkwater village. Just give them the best you have and let it go at that. You'll get through all right, kiddo; believe me!"

Then comes the third act. How it is played no one can ever remember. It is rushed through somehow, and at half-past ten costumes are bundled into theatre trunks and the company, most of them with daubs of make-up still on their faces, and their street clothes disheveled, unhooked, unbuttoned and untied, surge over to the hotel to get their hotel trunks ready. This happens to be a stand where the company has the use of its trunks, for Lansing is a fairly large city. When you play the "tanks" you see your hotel trunk only once a week, as a rule.

At 11:45, with fifteen minutes to spare—if the train is on time—company and baggage are all at the station. Swift, the manager, has worked like the hero he is for two hours. He has sent two more telegrams to Steinman, reassuring him that the company would be in New York on Tuesday, and he has had one encouraging "wire" in reply. Then he had

(Continued on page viii)



From Sketch

A PLAYHOUSE MADE OF LIVING TREES

At Leewergem, attached to the castle belonging to M. Van den Hecke de Lembeke, near Sottegem, is a remarkable playhouse known as the "Théâtre de Charmilles," otherwise the theatre of hornbeams. It is a very remarkable example of eighteenth century topiary work, and has seen, amongst others, performances by actors of the Comédie-Française. The upper picture shows one side of the stage; the lower picture the boxes. Inset is a plan of the topiary playhouse

"Shakespeare Well Acted Pays," Says Lewis Waller

IF you have a matinee idol shun him in the morning hours. The morning light is cruelly uncompromising. Morning surroundings are commonplace. Morning moods are anticlimaxes to those of the night. If you want to preserve your illusions of your stage hero see him only by gaslight, or lamplight, or at worst, by electric lights. See him when the hours of romance shed their soft glow over him, between the acts of the play in which you admired him, or at a supper or dance afterwards when the spell of the fictitious romance is still upon him, when he has not "let down" from the exalted state into which he got himself with his satin coat, his lace frills and his powdered wig.

After Henry V, Lewis Waller. Exit by limelight a brilliant, dashing rollicking only occasionally kingly, monarch, one little more than thirty, according to some of weighty Shakespearean authority. Enter by morning light a quiet man with somewhat stern face and grizzled hair, of fifty years or more, strictly speaking of fifty-three. Henry V spoke as a king and a warrior. Lewis Waller talked as a business man, referring not infrequently to dollars. Henry V was at moments leisurely; Waller was hurried. He confessed that he was busy. "Always am," he added with a smile that was a hint of Henry V's bantering one, but only a hint.

A morning call revealed him, early risen, a lean-jawed, smooth-shaven man, attired in a well cut business suit of snuff colored English cloth. He wore a bluish gray tie that matched and emphasized his blue gray eyes. He did well by the sartorial trick to call attention to the eyes for they were handsome, and when they turned full upon one contained a suggestion of youth and ingenuousness belied by the grizzled hair and air of entire sophistication.

Apropos, perhaps, of this unsuspected appearance and vanishing we began to talk of surprises. Mr. Waller paid us a first visit last season, and liked us and the theatrical conditions we have created so well that he is paying us another, and will remain in the to him newly discovered country until April when he will set out for our west coast, there to embark for Australia in an around the world dramatic tour that will continue until Christmas of 1913. He came to America in the capacity merely

of an actor, playing Boris in "The Garden of Allah." He remained to produce a series of plays beginning with "The Butterfly on the Wheel" among them, producing and playing "Beaucaire," in which London had known him for a thousand performances, producing the shorter lived "Discovering America," and

"Henry V." When his world tour is over he will return to the United States in 1914 for a tour of the principal cities in his large repertoire.

Being with us and in a sense now of us the "surprises" we have given a long time London idol have a piquant interest.

"The cordialty of your players to a visitor and one of another land is wonderful," he said. "When I opened with 'The Garden of Allah,' at the Century Theatre, I received letters of warm praise from many actors. Some of these I had never met. It was very delightful and unexpected. I confess that had an American actor made his first appearance in London it would not have been so. It would not occur to us to write to him about his success unless he were a personal friend. We like American actors in London. Some of them have been great favorites there. George Fawcett, for example. He was wanted everywhere on both his visits. All the clubs welcomed him. But sometimes



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LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V

American actors appear in plays that make no appeal to us. 'The White Man,' the title under which we played 'The Squawman,' in London was a fine play.

"Believing, as I do, that under acting is a crime, I have been delighted in the theatres where I've been with the spirit of your performances. Your players have more dash and go about them than we have. In London there is such a dread of over acting that everything is underdone. Here you have no fear nor respect for the restraints so many of my countrymen practice in playing, and from this come the spirit and go in your work. I should always rather see a part over acted than under acted.

"No, pardon me. I don't agree that your theatres are the finest in the world." Mr. Waller had given me a surprise. "You do not? But you must admit they are more cheerful. The theatres I saw in London seemed to me subterranean. They were dark and chilly."

"In the last you are right. Your playhouses are better warmed. Ours are but slightly and not sufficiently warmed. Here your

audiences are sure of being comfortable and taking their amusements comfortably, so come to the play if they like it. But with us, in cold weather people stop away. But as for magnificence you have no theatre that will compare with our His Majesty's."

"But our new Amsterdam?" I ventured to protest timidly.

"A handsome theatre, but it is crowded between other buildings. His Majesty's occupies an entire square. It stands, so to speak, at the four corners of the four greatest streets in the world. You can see it for a long distance."

"Then the chief advantage is in the approach?"

"Yes, I think your playhouses, as such, present about the same average as our own."

"And our plays?"

"All the while I have been in this country I have been playing eight performances a week and so haven't had much time to observe your plays. 'Bought and Paid For' I considered a good play admirably acted. 'The Return of Peter Grimm' will remain in my memory as an unique play superbly acted by Warfield. 'Ready Money' is ingenious and deserved its success on both sides of the ocean. 'Kismet' and 'Milestones' I haven't seen on this side.

"No. It required no temerity to give you Shakespeare. I had heard your American dictum that Shakespeare spells ruin, but that did not deter me. I think in the matter of Shakespearean productions the proverb is reversed. The supply creates the demand. If you give the public Shakespeare well enough acted it will always want him. I don't mean that Shakespearean drama will draw for such a phenomenal run as that of 'Bought and Paid For'—two years, but it will be made to satisfy the public and the producer in America. Here where you seem committed to the star system, you should want Shakespeare. Your stars should want Shakespearean plays because they give them the great opportunity to act which they need and desire. In America, where you seem to be committed to the star system, you should want Shakespearean drama. Your stars should want it.

"If I were disposed to criticise your splendid and hospitable country I should say that you would better be more temperate in exalting stars, as we are. Two or three successes do not make a star with us. A star to me means a person who can of himself or herself draw audiences regardless of the play. Anyone can draw in a good play with a good company. But the successful

star is a lodestone who must draw by his own power.

"I am glad I have had two seasons in this country and am glad to anticipate the third, in 1914. I should, for my broadening and education, have come long before, but I have led a busy life. I never had time. Latterly I allowed myself to think more

of it and when the opportunity came, though I did not think well of 'The Garden of Allah' as a play, I came."

"What do you think of the actor manager?"

"I think he is the greatest need of your stage. He knows plays and audiences and actors better than any man at his desk can possibly do. And if he have a well-balanced mind he can acquire the business experience and business judgment that are necessary."

"Why do you prefer romantic parts?"

The actor smiled and replied quickly:

"I cut my clothes to fit my cloth. I am more adapted to romantic rôles. But I have played modern ones."

Lewis Waller, whose family name is Lewis, began his independent career as a clerk in a counting house in London. He entered it and there remained for five years to please his mother. He left, apologizing to her for the change, but reminding her how well he had recited Longfellow's "Hesperus" and that poet's verses on slavery, when Lewis Waller was eight.

"I've given myself time to find out that I am a bad business man," he said. "But I will be a good actor."

"My mother is the best woman in this world or in any world," said he. "In a letter I had from her this morning she bids me go to Staten Island and find the house where she lived for a year. She also lived near Daly's, where I'm now playing.

"I've a daughter fifteen years old, named Nancy. We are great friends. I wish I could find a photograph of us out sailing together."

A tousled dark head atop of a tall body was suddenly thrust out of a neighboring room and as hastily drawn back to the accompaniment of a surprised exclamation, almost of alarm, on seeing a visitor of the opposite sex. It was Victor Lewis, the actor's brother and aide-de-camp, who was at his bath.

"It's time for rehearsal," he cried from behind the discreetly closed door.

The interviewer took the hint and Henry V., with a kingly air, courteously showed the way out.

A. P.



White

PHYLLIS PARTINGTON

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The Best Dressed Actor

(Continued from page 152)

turned into the palms. This is from constant dealing of cards, using only the first two fingers and thumb," he explained. "In time the fingers fall naturally into that position. If you watch a professional card player smoking, you will notice that he holds his cigar with the first two fingers and thumb, and that the two small fingers fall back into the card-player's position."

"Do you believe there is such a thing as hypnotism in acting?" I asked him when he was hypnotizing the audience nightly in "The Witching Hour."

"There is no doubt of it," he quickly answered. "Hypnotism, or whatever you may choose to call it, is the one great secret of the actor's success. Without it he cannot hold an audience—he cannot be successful. I know it and you know it."

"When an actor walks on the stage he either exerts an influence over the audience or he does not. And if he does not he might just as well quit right there. He may have everything else in his favor, but if he lacks that peculiar something which is felt the moment its possessor appears he will fail to make any real impression. The student of acting may learn something from experience, of course; he may even learn something at our awful dramatic schools; but he cannot learn to exercise a power that is not in him from the beginning."

"I have seen a young man bring in a card and make a greater impression than the actor with the whole play behind him."

"I went on the stage just as the old school of acting was going out. I was in the company at the Boston Museum at the time, and, after seeing one of Charles Frohman's companies play, I went back to the Museum and said: 'Boys, things have changed. There is a new school of acting.' There is more hypnotism in the acting of to-day because it is more direct than it used to be. But the greatest actor of all, in my opinion, is the pleading lawyer who hypnotizes a jury. He acts to the hardest audience in the world—an audience of twelve men. And the secret of his success is hypnotism. Have I proved my case?"

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One of the most important engagements of the new opera season is that of Frieda Hempel, the young coloratura soprano of the Royal Opera House, Berlin. This young singer (she is not yet thirty) is a native of Leipsic, and as a child showed such musical talent that she was sent to the Leipsic Conservatory, where her unusual voice and great ambition caused her to make rapid progress. In 1906 she sang at Bayreuth as one of the Rhine maidens, and in 1907 made a few appearances in London, but her formal debut was in the autumn of 1907, at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. Mme. Hempel's success was immediate, Berlin opera-goers being delighted at the novelty of a coloratura singer who possessed not only a lovely voice but youth and beauty as well.

Huguenots—O, *beau pays!* Meyerbeer; Ernani—*Ernani involami*, Verdi.

MARGARETE MATZENAUER—Parsifal—*Ich sah' das Kind*, Act II, Wagner.

This air is sung by Kundry in Act II, Scene II, representing the garden in which the flower maidens, led by Kundry, tempt the "guileless fool," Parsifal. The youth is angered by their persistence and tries to escape, when Kundry, in the shape of a beautiful maiden, gently dissuades him and induces him to remain, telling him about his mother.

HERMAN JADLOWKER—Carmen—*Air de la fleur*, Bizet.

A SACRED NUMBER BY FAURE. Marcel Journet. Charité, J. Faure.

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The Century Theatre Club, with a view to assisting in the encouragement of American playwrights, offers a prize of \$200, to be known as The Century Theatre Club Prize. The conditions are:

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Author of "Ready Money"

(Continued from page 154)

fast vanishing cigarette into his mouth to stifle a sigh. "I don't lose my temper nor make a scene at a rehearsal, not consciously and deliberately, at least, but I am much in earnest. I say to the players 'Allow me to help you if I can. Naturally, I who have worked on this play for a year know it better than you who have studied a part of it for three weeks.' Once I gave a good natured lecture: 'Watch Mr. Courtenay,' I said. 'He is ideal, for if there is anything to be done he sees it. If something is missing from a chair he sees it and says: "That will show from the front. Hadn't it better be fixed?"'

"Watch Mr. Kilgour and Mr. Johnson as well as Mr. Courtenay. Watch them take their cues. If they haven't a word to say they take the cue mentally and they convey something to the audience. You know the size of their salaries, but I suppose you think they are 'lucky.' It is rare that any actor gets more than he earns. Once in five hundred times, perhaps, as a freak."

A philosopher said that if you bring the student habit into the affairs of real life you are sure to win. James Montgomery has brought into the profession of the stage those student habits. Furthermore he brought to it the hereditary habit of study. Through his mother he is a collateral descendant of John Hopkins. From his father, a singer with the Boston Ideals, he drew his taste for, and knowledge of the stage.

Born in Boston, circumstances permitted him only a high school education. But there were formed the student habits recommended by the sage, habits deepened by his burrowings in the Brooklyn public library.

"I study criticisms," he said, absently dropping the still burning cigarette. "Study them, not read them. The fellows who write them must know something or they wouldn't get and keep their jobs. I am waiting now for a bunch of clippings. I shall learn a great deal about playwriting from them."

He trod out the menace of the smouldering cigarette, unmindful of the costly carpet.

"I want to write plays and star in them myself," he said. "I played the star part in 'The Aviator,' in Washington, and in 'Ready Money,' in Chicago. I think I can."

I think so too, for he is thirty.

ADA PATTERSON.

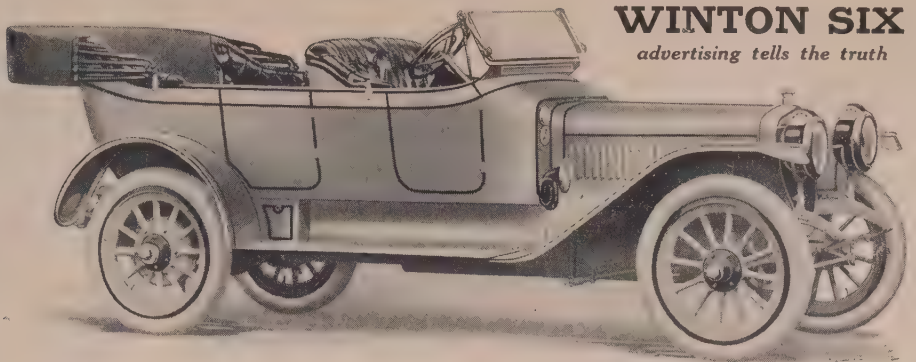
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New Dramatic Books

"King Stephen," historical drama in seven tableaux. By Edward Fales Coward. New York: Wilson & Burrows.

In "King Stephen," Mr. Coward has completed a drama of which Keats left little more than three scenes, or "tableaux." The play concerns itself with the middle of the twelfth century, a period that has been called the most troubled in English history. Then, because of the ambitious efforts of Maude, daughter of Henry the First, aided by Robert, Duke of Gloucester, to overthrow the reigning king, Stephen, who was supported by the warlike Henry, Bishop of Winchester, England suffered seventeen years of civil war (1137-1154). The drama opens with the defeat and capture of Stephen. Maude's triumph, however, is brief, for the fortunes of war are soon reversed, and Maude is compelled to flee to Oxford, where she is long besieged by Stephen. At length, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the death of Stephen's son, Eustace, hostilities end, and Stephen consents to make Maude's son, Henry, heir to the throne. In this delicate experiment, Mr. Coward has achieved an excellent piece of work in constructing a smooth and effective play in blank verse, which, as might be expected, is not free from Shakespearean echoes. Not only has he made a play of considerable literary merit, but he displays throughout evidences of a firm grasp of stagecraft. There is, in the eight scenes, ample scenic variety and contrast, the story is lucidly and entertainingly disclosed, and the diction is singularly faithful, felicitous and vigorous. The result is a drama not only well worth reading, but one, moreover, that seems admirably adapted to actual performance. Those who now so loudly bewail the decline of the practicable poetic drama, are likely to find cause for reviving hopes in "King Stephen."

Richard Bennett, the popular actor, is about to make his debut as a producing manager. Henry W. Savage had accepted a play by Margaret Turnbull, entitled "The Stronger Claim," in which Mr. Bennett was to have the leading part. Mr. Savage changed his mind, so Mr. Bennett has produced the play himself.



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From the "Tanks" to Broadway

(Continued from page 158)

to make sure that the baggage car on the midnight car was full size, so that all his scenery could be got in, as well as his trunks; and he had to count his "people" to see that all were there, and to look after the tickets. Incidentally, he had to write Pontiac (he had already telegraphed the manager there that he could not fill the date), and tell him that the New York engagement could not be put off. The other "tanks" he would notify later. There might be law-suits because of his sudden canceling of all these bookings, but they would not amount to much, most likely. The larger towns must be "fixed," but the little ones were used to being disappointed and took it as a matter of course.

The train is only half an hour late. The baggage and scenery is go aboard at one end, while the company tumbles on at the other, and soon the "Son of a Gun" company is fairly on its way to the metropolis, long before the New York newspapers telling of the awful failure of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" are in the hands of their readers.

"A Son of a Gun" opens at the Arcadia in due course, and in the laughter and applause that brings the curtain down at the end of each act the weeping and wailing over the sad fate of Mrs. Winterbury is drowned, which Jacob Steinman goes up to his private room and smokes a cigar in peace.

GEORGE C. JENKS.

Anecdotes of the Stage

(Continued from page 136)

known as one of the most distinguished orators of his day. In early life he had not paid especial attention to the study of elocution and he relates how he had been led to a more determined, practical consideration of it. One night, after having seen Macready act, while lying awake revolving in his mind the many ideas he had received from the finished acting of the tragedian and the new light which had been shed upon the author's language, he was suddenly startled from his reverie and sprang from his bed. The first impression was that a terrible crime was being committed, for prominent amidst the unearthly sounds which proceeded from the apartments below the cry of "Murder!" had struck upon his ear, apparently gasped out in agony. As he listened the sounds seemed to die away in suppressed, smothered tones. Again they became distinctly audible, and the voice assumed a weird character that seemed like the moanings of distress, at one time husky, and again hollow and sepulchral, with repeated exclamations of "Sleep no more! sleep no more!" and "Murdered! murdered!"—all suggesting a fearful nightmare struggle. Astonished and bewildered, Mr. Preston stood doubting his sense of hearing or the reality of the disturbing sounds, when again came "Murdered! murdered! murdered!" in every tone of the gamut. No longer doubting, he sprang to the door and called loudly over the banisters to the dark void below: "Hallo, there! hallo!" A door opened and out flashed a candle and a nightcapped head. Then came a voice saying: "Don't be alarmed, sir; don't be alarmed; it is only Mr. Macready, the tragedian; he is dreaming, or acting in his sleep, or practicing the words of his part. Don't be frightened, sir; we are all used to such things here, sir. We are all used to it, so don't be alarmed." The head and the candle disappeared and Mr. Preston returned to his bed. The next morning an apologetic note brought an explanation. The tragedian, not being satisfied with his treatment of the murder scene in his last performance, had been submitting the words "murder" and "murdered" to a kind of aspirated and husky utterance in different degrees, high and low, and, becoming interested in the trial, had forgotten the near proximity of the other inmates of the house and had applied a more than usual degree of force to his experiments; and thus the mystery was explained.

In the tragedy of "Macbeth," when Malcom's army is seen approaching the castle, one of the officers of the usurping thane rushes into his presence, crying out, "There is ten thousand—" when he is cut short by Macbeth's contemptuous and indignant exclamation of "Geese, villain?" to which the messenger replies, "Soldiers, sir." Now, on the occasion alluded to, the man came on in hot haste and said, "There is ten thousand—" when Macbeth, turning fiercely on him, cried out, "Soldiers, villain?" "No," said the messenger, in a tone of bewilderment—"no, no, Geese, sir!" and then the two actors stood star-



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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

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ing at one another in blank dismay, while peal on peal of laughter burst from the audience, in which the tragedian, unable to preserve his gravity, at last joined. Order having been restored, an attempt was made to go on with the scene, but the first line to be uttered by Macbeth being in reference to the affrighted appearance of the messenger, followed by an indignant inquiry as to who the soldiers were, it was too much for both actor and audience; the laugh recommenced and did not cease until the curtain fell.

A performer of the last century named Wignell was so poetically inclined that he could not deliver even an ordinary message without trying to make blank verse of it. "Wignell," said Garrick, "why can't you say 'Mr. Strickland, your coach is ready,' as an ordinary man would say it, and not with the declamatory pomp of Mr. Quin or Mr. Booth when playing tyrants?" "Sir," said poor Wignell, "I thought in that passage I had kept down the sentiment." That he never could do; his Doctor in "Macbeth" was so wonderfully solemn that his audience was always in fits of laughter at it. The old fashion of speaking a prologue had been set aside. One evening at Covent Garden the curtain rose for a performance of the tragedy of "Cato," and the play began without the usual poetic preface. The audience, jealous of their rights, set up a shout of "Prologue! prologue!" Wignell was then on the stage as Portius, and in his fantastically pompous way had pronounced the opening passage of his part—

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily, with clouds, brings on the day—
when he was interrupted by renewed vociferations for the prologue. Wignell would neither depart from his character nor leave the audience without satisfactory explanation, and accordingly, after the word "day," without changing features or tone, he solemnly went on with this interpolation:

(Ladies and gentlemen, there has not been
For years a prologue spoken to this play)—
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

Dan Daly, at the outset of his career, says William G. Rose, once essayed the legitimate. All he had to do was to come to the centre of the stage at a critical moment and shout:

"The king is dead; long live the king!"

When the time came Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he bellowed out at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king—he's dead!"

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 134)

vital and real. Broadway Jones is a white light spender who has run through his fortune. An uncle leaves him a successful chewing-gum factory, and it is his intention to sell it for cash as soon as possible that he may continue his spendthrift career and that he may also disentangle himself from his engagement to a rich but elderly widow to whom he has committed himself when his fortunes were at their lowest. There is a stenographer, however, who points out to Jones his duty. The town will be ruined if he sells, for his competitors are buying simply to close down the plant. Then Jones shows the man that is within him; he checkmates all who would get the best of him, advertises to beat the band and runs his business up to a million a year, eludes the clutches of the widow and gives every indication of marrying the stenographer, played with a good deal of youthful grace by Myrtle Tannehill. In the breezy, good-natured, easy-going Jones Mr. Cohan has written for himself a rôle that fits him like a glove; and as a playwright he has been consistent, too, for he has not given himself all the bright and witty lines, of which there are a great number. Ada Gilman's comic little personality finds an agreeable setting in the grasping widow, and the star's talented mother and father are provided with rôles that fit in well with their human, wholesome identities.

LITTLE THEATRE. "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL." A sequence of episodes by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced Oct. 14 with this cast:

Anatol, John Barrymore; Max, Oswald Yorke; Hilda, Marguerite Clark; Bianca, Gail Kane; Mimi, Doris Keane; Waiter, Alfred de Ball; Gabrielle, Katherine Emmet; Lona, Isabella Lee; Franz, Albert Easdale.

Arthur Schnitzler could hardly have desired a better stage than that of the Little Theatre for the production of his fascinating transcript from Viennese life, "The Affairs of Anatol." This novel series of dialogues between a young man, whose vocation is being in love, and five young



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This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

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women who further his amative career, demands, above all else, the setting of an intimate theatre. An account of Schnitzler's work has already been given in these pages. All that needs to be added here is that the staging at the Little Theatre, with its attention to detail, that is neither exaggerated nor laborious, left nothing to be desired, and gave the spectator that feeling of complete satisfaction which comes from viewing anything that bears the imprint of a master hand. If the American audience finds its moral sensibilities shocked by these *risqué* episodes, it is because it allows itself to take them seriously. If it does not appreciate the subtle wit and the delicate satire of the play, it is either because it is not understood or because the actors did not quite succeed in infusing into their performance the Viennese flavor.

There was finesse and polish in the acting throughout, and especially in the work of Doris Keane, who, as the conscienceless and carefree Mimi of the opera, playing fast and loose with the weathercock heart of the hero, merited the most spontaneous applause from her audience. Though Mr. Barrymore displayed well the fascination and the inconsequentiality of Anatol, he never succeeded in making an Austrian *bon-vivant* and collector of a romantic past out of a prosaic, matter-of-fact American. The monotony of his voice and gesture helped to foil his good attempts. The playing of Oswald Yorke in the difficult rôle of the foil for the hero, though sympathetic and intelligent, gave rise to the conjecture that, had he portrayed Max in greater contrast to Anatol, he would have made him more convincing. Miss Marguerite Clark was so exceedingly exquisite as Hilda that it was something of a shock to learn, later, that she had found her happiness in marrying a milkman.

KNICKERBOCKER. "Oh! Oh! DELPHINE." Musical comedy in three acts, founded on the French farce, "Villa Primrose," by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan, music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on September 30 with this cast:


Colonel Pomponnet, Frank Doane; Fernande Lila Benton; Blum, G. Clennett Glass; A. Hall Porter, John Fairbanks; Victor Jolibeau, Scott Welsh; Jacqueline, Florence Geneva; Tatu, Dolly Alving; Antoinette, Edythe Taylor; Amandine, May Day; Lulu, Dorothy Quintette; Distinguette, Eunice Mackay; Louis Gigoux, George Stuart Christie; Alphonse Bouchotte, Frank McIntyre; Delphine, Grace Edmond; Finette, Mildred Manning; Bimboula, Octavia Broske; Uncle Noel Jolibeau, George A. Beane; Pluchard, Alfred Fisher; Simone, Stella Hoban; Madame Bax, Helen Raymond; Louise, Polly Bowman; Lucie, Jessie Howe; Jeanne, Ethel Millard; Blanche, Dorothy Langdon.

If we must have musical comedy, let it be good of its kind. "Oh! Oh! Delphine" is naughty, but it is decidedly amusing and full of that French spirit and dash which at one time made Parisian farces famous all over the world. It is gay and tuneful with especially good lyrics; in fact, Messrs. C. M. S. McLellan and Ivan Caryll may be said to have scored again with another, "The Pink Lady." The piece made an unquestionable hit, and it deserves to succeed because it is well put on and entertaining throughout. The plot concerns an artist with six models, all of whom pose for his picture, "Venus Rising From the Waves." There is a comic opera colonel, a military lady killer, and two wronged wives who love each other's respective husband, a wonderful parrot, and a dark-eyed Persian girl whose knowledge of English is confined to one word, "carpets," and who when she wishes to say "I love you" whispers "Allaballa Goo-oo." There are many other characters who contribute to the general fun, and Frank McIntyre, who plays Alphonse Bouchotte, is a host in himself. He keeps the audience laughing all the time and has a number of good songs. The ditty, "Why Shouldn't You Tell Me That," put the house in an uproar, and "Everything's At Home Except Your Wife" made an equally strong appeal. Frank Doane was amusing as the Colonel, Grace Edmond was charming as Delphine and Octavia Broske picturesque as the Persian carpet seller. The chorus and stage settings were unusually attractive. No such collection of pretty girls have been seen on the local stage in years.

FULTON. "JUNE MADNESS." Play in three acts by Henry Kitchell Webster. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Frederick H. Hollis, Edward Emery; Mrs. Hollis, Helen Tracy; Katherine Hollis, Adelaide Nowak; Frederick H. Hollis, Jr., A. Hylton Allen; Robert Fielding, Charles Waldron; Mrs. Thornborough, Hedwig Reicher; June Thornborough, Renée Kelly; Janitor, P. W. Perry.

Henry Kitchell Webster, the author of this "modern play," is a novelist. He has much to learn before he wins spurs as dramatist. He starts with what is meant for a bold and daring idea. As a prologue off the stage a woman gives herself to a man for a period of ten days. At



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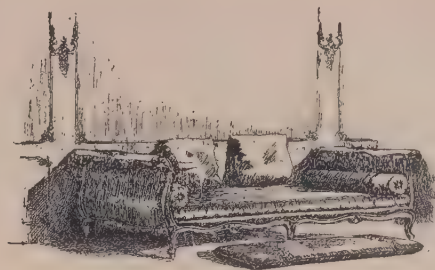
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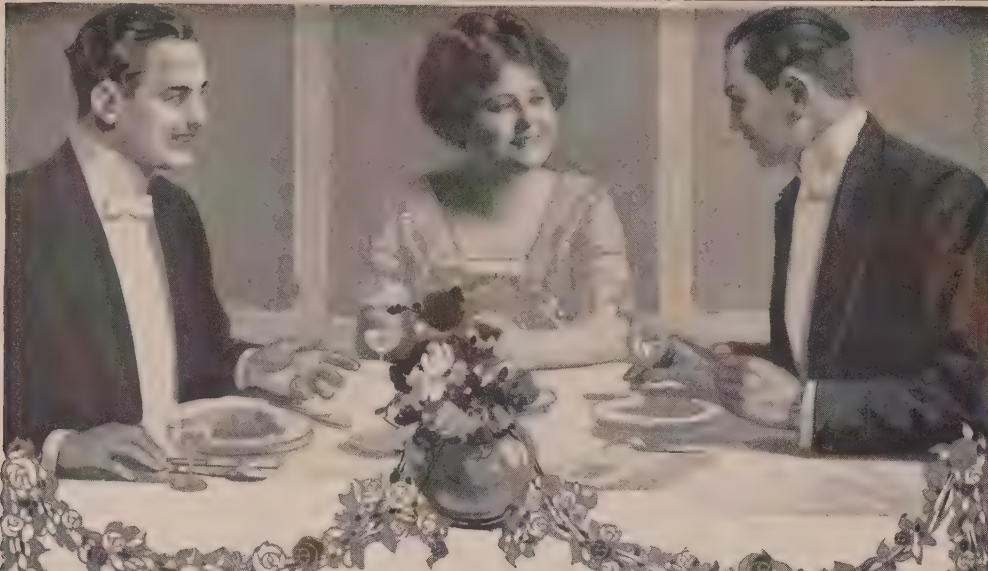
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the expiration they are to part, never to see each other again and no questions are to be asked. A child is born of this union and as the play begins she is twenty-two years old. Her mother is secretary—salary \$12,000 a year—to a railway magnate, whose son is in love with June, as the fruit of the liaison is called. But Mrs. Magnate is jealous and has Mrs. Thornborough's past inquired into. Of course, no marriage certificate is forthcoming, while matters get a further twist when it turns out that the suitor for the hand of Katherine Hollis, the magnate's daughter, is none other than the lover of years ago and the father of June. But he "perjures himself like a gentleman," resulting in a clear case of much-ado-about-nothing, and a pitiful evasion of a complication based on a gratuitously unhealthy and far-fetched proposition.

HARRIS. "STEVE." Play in three acts by John T. McIntyre. Produced on September 28 with this cast:

Tom, Alphonz Ethier; Steve, Arnold Daly; Pike, Edward McWade; Tim Fitzpatrick, Harry Morris; Captain Pitzer, William Walther; Molly, Josephine Victor; Mrs. Brown, Julia Walcott.

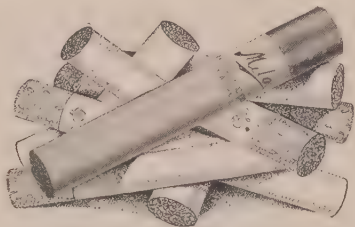
In spite of his eccentricities and occasional mannerisms, there is a great deal of the real artist in Arnold Daly. It requires his daring and confidence in himself to come before his public as a star in a play like "Steve." The title rôle is a grafter, not a political one, but just the sort of ne'er-do-well who sponges on his hard-working brother, makes a stiff bluff about the big things he is going to do, and is the idol of an indiscriminating mother. Engaged to Molly, who has been a member of the Brown household since a child, he is planning an elaborate honeymoon. But he has no cash, and so he puts it up to his brother to save him from ruin, alleging that he is an embezzler, and that jail stares him in the face. The brother draws on the funds of a union of which he is treasurer, but is saved in time from the consequences of his ill-advised kindness. Steve is shown up in his true light, and Molly begins to see that she has wasted her affections on the wrong brother.

39TH STREET. "THE BRUTE." Play in three acts by Frederic Arnold Krummer. Produced on October 8 with this cast:

Donald Rogers, Ernest Glendinning; Edith Rogers, Ruth Shepley; Bobbie, Stephen Davis; Mrs. Pope, Jeffries Lewis; Alice Pope, Ethel Clayton; Emerson Hall, Willard Robertson; James Brennan, Neil Moran.

"The Brute" does not require detailed consideration, although we think it is fair to say that it is not an uninteresting play in its details. The story is not pleasing, and it is difficult to see wherein its author, plainly a man of ideas, thinks it may instruct. A young wife, tired of the drudgery and comparative poverty of her life in a flat, is about to elope with a man who can supply her with luxury. She confesses to her sister, who, after attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, but agreeing to remain silent about the matter, says to her that she needs a good beating to bring her to her senses. Before the young wife can carry out her resolution a lawyer is announced, and in the presence of the household the husband, the sister and the mother, reads the will of the man in question, who has met death suddenly. The large fortune of this man has been left to the dweller in the flat. The husband consents to the acceptance of the gift, but will make no use of it for himself. In the next act the young man engaged to the sister visits the family, now living in ostentatious luxury, and, not knowing the identity of the woman who has received the fortune, tells the husband of the story that he has heard about the will. The husband tears up a check, the first he has been prevailed on by his wife to accept from her, and, seizing his child, a boy, leaves his wife and her fine house without ceremony. Later the wife comes to the old flat, where the husband is living with their boy, to negotiate for his possession and to induce her husband to reconsider matters and live with her again. He refuses unless she will give up the fortune. She refuses; for her part she will surrender it, but it must be kept for the boy. With this declaration she is about to leave the room, her suggestion having been rejected. He calls her back, tears the rope of pearls from her neck, announcing that she shall remain with him and give up every cent of the money to charity or otherwise. He has subdued her by asserting his mastery—the brute. It is simply an unpleasant play.

GLOBE. "THE CHARITY GIRL." Music play in three acts. Libretto and lyrics by Edward Peple, added lyrics by Melville Alexander, and



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music by Victor Hollaender. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Becky, Blossom Seeley; Moe, Henry Fink; Mrs. Hopping, Ray Cox; Detective French, Herbert Denton; Van Haden, D. L. Don; "Billy," Brant, C. Morton Horne; Rosemary, Marie Flynn; Officer "666," Edward Baker; Vesta Virga, Olive Fargo; Harry Hooligan, Harry Turpin; Jeremiah Hopping, Ralph Herz; Cherub, Master Alfred Turner; Seraph, Master Allan Turner.

The libretto and lyrics of "The Charity Girl" are from a dramatist of some distinction, Edward Peple; and it is not unlikely that this was the amiable author's first experience with the difficulties of comic opera, with the composer, the stage manager and the leading actors in turn directing him what to do and when to do it. At all events, there are alternations of reasonableness and inaptness in the conduct of the story. The story begins with the promise of something in the nature of "The Belle of New York," the heavenly clad salvation lassies suggesting considerable novelty; but the story soon turns to the affairs of a person, a leading person (Ralph Herz), whose rich wife has cut off his allowance, whereby he is forced to make a living as a clairvoyant. We are soon introduced to his luxurious parlors of polite deception. The comedy of it fails, although opportunities are abundant. The resources of Mr. Herz as a comedian are too old and limited, although in grimace and certain oddities all his own he amuses for a little while. His humor and his devices are too artificial. The police appear suddenly, and he disappears through a trap door smoking a cigarette. The possibilities of the action, if Mr. Peple had brought unity into the two stories, might have made a very interesting entertainment. As it is, the opera follows no given line and is made up of theatrical scraps. Miss Ray Cox has a scene in an aeroplane driven by the husband in disguise. Her gyrations of fright as the machine ascends and descends, after an explosion, amuse after a fashion. The songs and dances are pleasing, but the opera lacks consistency and sustained interest as a whole; in its details of production and in the personality of many of its performers it has the usual attractiveness of the comic opera of the day.

CRITERION. "TANTALIZING TOMMY." Musical comedy in three acts from the French. Book by Michael Morton and Paul Gavault, lyrics by Adrian Ross, music by Dr. Hugo Felix. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Paul Normand, George Anderson; Gaston Berolle, John Park; Louis Cameiot, Robert Pitkin; Aristide Mingassol, Dallas Welford; Biff, Harry Clarke; Hector De Souza, Ipeacac, Donald Hall; Toupet, Gilbert Tennant; Bergere, Bobby Newman; Casimir, Jack Sayre; "Tommy," Elizabeth Brice; Julie, Dorothy Webb; Cecile, Peggy Forsyth; Florise, Vallexaux Elliott; Zizi, Frances Richards; Annik, Margaret Langdon; Celeste, Madeline Harrison.

The story of "Tantalizing Tommy" is from the farce used by Marie Doro a season or two ago, ingenious, at times amusing, but somewhat lacking in material for sustained interest for three acts. Nevertheless, it is as effective in its action as the original piece, "The Richest Girl." The idea of the piece is piquant enough. A very rich girl, hampered with attention and with everything at her command, on the occasion of the breaking down of her automobile near a country lodge, finds a young bachelor, averse to and unaccustomed to women, on whom her blandishments are thrown away. The rich girl is a Tomboy, and after a series of adventures with the object of her pursuit she succeeds in waking him up and inspiring him to animated love, nimble dancing and enthusiastic song. Miss Elizabeth Brice was this enterprising mischiefmaker, with many pleasing qualities, but more amiable than spirited, after the manner of a Tomboy. There was no lack of agreeable songs and duets, "Oh, Go Away," "Just Like You," "I Am a Tomboy," "Zizi," "You Don't Know," "Irish Stew," "This and That and the Other." Just wherein the opera falls short it would be difficult to define—perhaps in continuity of interest and in consistency.

ASTOR. "THE WOMAN HATERS." Operetta in three acts from the German of "Die Frauenfresser," by Leo Stein and Karl Lindau. American book and lyrics by George V. Hobart, music by Edmund Eysler. Produced on October 7 with the following cast:

Tilly von Eberhardt, Doly Castles; Baroness Eberhardt, Mrs. Stuart Robson; Frau von Kreger, Jane Bliss; Jennie, Amelia Rose; Nellie, Helen Latten; Frau von Aullander, Elsa Ward; Spitzki, Dan Marble; Col. Liebowitz, Chas. W. Kaufman; Capt. Schnepf, Snitz Edwards; Herr Pfleger, Albert Macklin; Baron Sileer, Bert Crossman; Herr Zimmer, Herbert Connop; Lieut. Wagner, Arthur J. Snyder; Herr Obermiller, Harry Levian; Herr Krupp, Walter P. Hearne; Major von Essenburg, Walter Lawrence; Camillo, Joseph Santley; Lord Everbee, Leslie Kenyon; Marie Wilton, Sallie Fisher.

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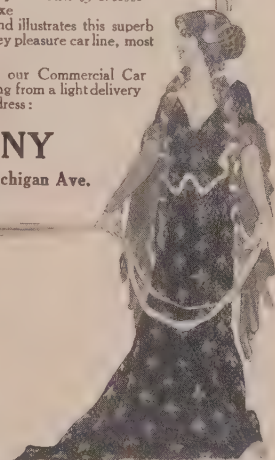
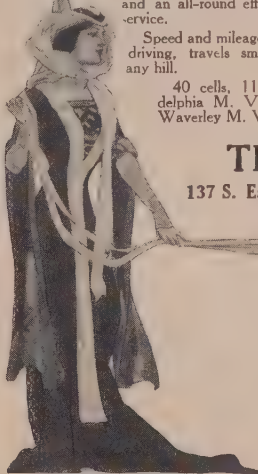
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consistent story has driven producers and "authors" to adapting farces and plays to their needs. "The Woman Haters," in accordance with this sensible procedure, has some substance. A club of determined woman haters is confronted by an equally determined body of women, with a result that would satisfactorily balance the books of the most energetic matrimonial agency. The comedy is obvious and almost of a ready-made kind, but there is plenty of variety in it and it serves. Mr. Hobart, in his book and lyrics, very cleverly turns to operatic opportunities everything available in the original German farce. The music by Eysler, Viennese in quality, is spirited, graceful and agreeable, and if at times it seems monotonous, the staging of the piece by George Marion, with the vivacity of the performers, may be relied upon in the promotion of such success as a fleeting comic opera of the day may have. Miss Sallie Fisher, who can really sing and put heart into her song, is not employed as actively in the doings in the action as Miss Dolly Castles, a character subordinate to her in the scheme of the play, but the few songs she has are worth the while.

WALLACK'S. "THE NEW SIN." Play in four acts by B. Macdonald Hastings. Produced on October 16 with this cast:

Hilary Cutts, Cyril Keightley; Maximilian Cutts, O. P. Heggie; Jim Benziger, Julian L'Estrange; Will Grain, M. P., Harvey Braban; David Llewellyn Davids, A. G. Poulton; Stuart Campbell, Roland Rushton; Peel, Arthur Bowyer.

"The New Sin" had advance interest stimulated in it more by the fact that its characters represented upon the stage are all men than by the unusualness of its story. Its main claim to attention is the curious condition implied by its title, "The New Sin" is specifically the sin of being alive, to the detriment of one's relatives. Hilary Cutts, an artist, beloved by his friends, Jim Benziger, a dramatist, and Will Grain, a powerful M. P., contemplates suicide in order that his eleven brothers and sisters may come into their father's estate. The father had an intense dislike of Hilary, his eldest son, and arranged his property to be divided, share and share alike, among his children, Hilary excepted. This abused son, being a worthless sort of fellow, lived by the uncertain favor of his brothers and sisters, a circumstance which induced the father to incorporate in his testament a clause whereby his fortune was to be capitalized for twenty-one years, at the end of which time, or in event of Hilary's death, the original arrangement was to become effective. Grain, who is somewhat of a Socialist at heart, suggests to Hilary to make his death a useful one by murdering some scourge to humanity and being hung for it. Promptly there appears David Llewellyn Davids, J.P., L.C.C., M.A.B., a prosperous shopkeeper of some kind or other, who presently averts his own murder by converting Hilary to his way of thinking. But suddenly Maximilian, a wretched, half-starved brother of Hilary, arrives in time to recognize Davids as his late employer who discharged him for having criminal relations with a girl co-worker in the shop, and in time to kill Davids with Hilary's revolver. Hilary's opportunity having arrived, he assumes the guilt, the brother swears Hilary killed Davids, and the innocent brother is tried and convicted. Here Jim Benziger, the dramatist, steps in, accuses Maximilian of the crime, traps him into an admission of guilt, which is repeated before the authorities, and Hilary is released. Max is saved by the inability of English law to try an acquitted man for a second time. He once more begs Hilary to commit suicide, so that the needy brothers and sisters and himself may secure the estate; but Hilary has come to the conclusion that his function in life is individually greater than that of all of his family put together, so he buys his rapacious relatives off for one year by giving them the proceeds from the sale of a successful picture.

Here is another illustration that novelty in theme does not necessarily imply dramatic effectiveness. The obligation of a dramatist lies deeper than in supplying mere "newness" of material. All we have to assure us of the reality of Hilary's importuning relatives is the word of Hilary himself; and how can one literally accept the personal statement of a man so naturally prejudiced in his own favor? The depraved brother does not appear until Hilary has determined to kill himself, too late for the particular purpose. The confession to the authorities that frees Hilary is merely told about by Benziger—who, as a dramatist, may be expected to have an inflamed imagination; while the boy can have no gain whatever in acknowledging guilt save to meet the author's ends. What good points there are in the piece are mainly there through the ef-

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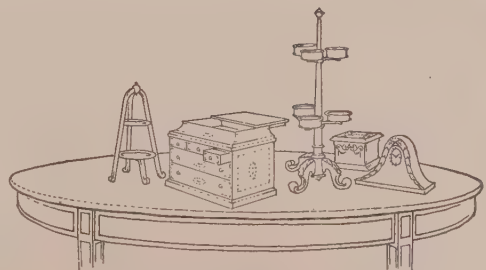
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forts of the actors. The last act is different to the ending provided for in the play as produced in London, where Hilary did die for his lecherous relatives. Cyril Keightley gave a convincing portrayal of Hilary, as did O. P. Heggie as the depraved brother. Julian L'Estrange developed the meagre part of Benziger. Harvey Braban was excellent as the M. P. A. G. Poulton made Davids delightfully human, which credit may also be afforded to Arthur Bowyer, as a prosy and rather superfluous old servant.

CENTURY. "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN." Play in three parts by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. English adaptation by George Egerton. Produced on October 12 with this cast:

The Daughter of Heaven, Viola Allen; The Emperor of China, Basil Gill; Son of Spring, Norris Millington; Prince Fidelity, Lee Baker; Prince Winged Arrow, Bernard Fairfax; Prince Daring Flight, Claude Brooke; Profound Sagacity, Clarence Heritage; Pine Tree, F. Wilmot; Exalted Thought, Marshal Wynn; Master of Ceremonies, Roy Merrill; Chief Eunuch, David Kirkpatrick; A Councillor, Lawrence O'Leary; A Secretary, Alphonse Fabre; Well of Wisdom, Henry Bergman; A General Charles D. Herman; A Doctor, Nicholas Burnham; A Secretary, James Devore; Master of Ceremonies, Frank Russell.

As a scenic production, distinguished from the merely spectacular, "The Daughter of Heaven" is an artistic achievement. As a play, however, it proved a disappointment. If the original had any literary merit, it has been entirely lost in the process of translation. The dialogue is commonplace and the situations fell flat. The outline of the plot has already been given in this magazine. Necessarily a poetic drama, not written primarily for spectacular exhibition, is at times in conflict with a scenic production. The feminine personal contingent is not oriental enough. The maids in the Palace Gardens in Nankin are too European. The picture with which the play is opened is entitled "A Chinese Love Song." In the dreamy dusk a sail-boat garlanded with flowers slowly passes with its lovers in the union of dreamy song. The picture itself is a rare achievement in impressionism, as a prelude. Next is a room in the Emperor's Palace at Peking. With it begins a series of beautiful interiors, in which the beautiful refinement of Chinese decorative art is abundantly unfolded. The third scene is the Palace Gardens in Nankin. Here we have the characteristic garden landscape, the rustic bridge, the architectural exterior of the Palace jutting in, the docile domestic fowls. The Emperor of the Manchus, coming as a pretended viceroy from the south, sees the Empress of the Ming's borne by in her palanquin. The Throne Room in the Palace of the Empress in Nankin is a revelation of Chinese magnificence in decoration and in royal splendor. The dramatic action takes on some force here. The lovers have begun their tragic relations. The Empress, informed of the approach of an army of Manchus, sends away her son, a boy who is to be the future Emperor, for safety. The Manchu Emperor departs unrecognized. We next see the battlements near the wall of Nankin. The attack is made, a spectacular and melodramatic exhibition, with bursting bombs lighting up the murky air, with walls tumbling in, men hurled to death from the battlements; men, in pursuance of fanatical devotion, throwing themselves on a flaming pyre, and finally the capture of the Empress. Outside the Great Gate of Peking we see the beheading of rebels and Chinese life of the period. In the Throne Room of the Palace of Peking the two lovers enact the supreme moment of their destinies. The Empress must choose between her love and what she esteems her duty. She wavers, but decides that the two empires cannot be united by marriage, because rivers of blood run between, and she takes poison, the Emperor consenting to fate. On the occasion of first production the difficulties of handling the scenery were such that the waits and time consumed were intolerable. The principals are satisfactory. Viola Allen may, to some minds, lack simplicity, but as the Empress she has dignity and emotion.

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More Irish Players

William A. Brady is bringing a new company of Irish players to New York who will play Rutherford Mayne's play, "The Drone," with Whitford Kane in the leading rôle. Following so soon after the visit of the Abbey Theatre company from Dublin, the production will give good opportunity for contrasting last season's visitors and their plays with the actors and comedy of the Northern school. Among the players will be Robert Forsyth, J. P. Campbell, Joseph Campbell, Stanley Gresley, Bridget O'Gorman, Nellie Wheeler, Margaret Moffat, and one Scotch actor, Alec. F. Thompson, who is now playing Fluellen in "Henry V." with Lewis Waller.—*Dramatic Mirror.*

HENRY O'NE
MANAGER

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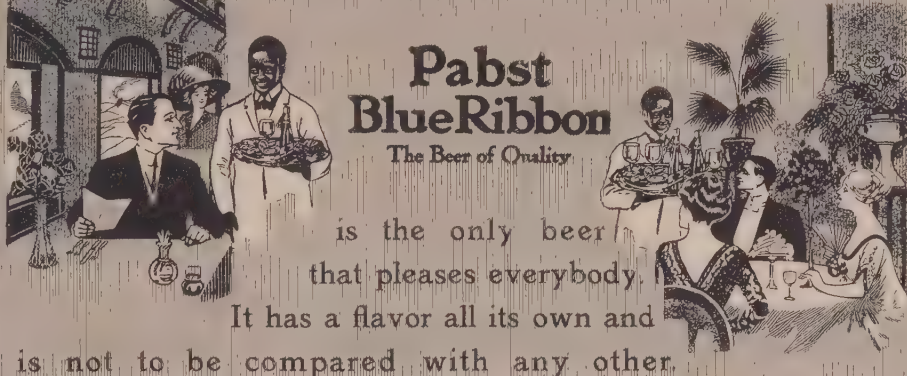
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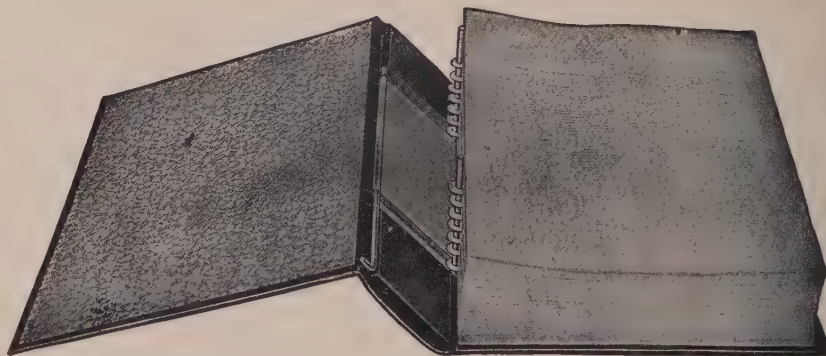
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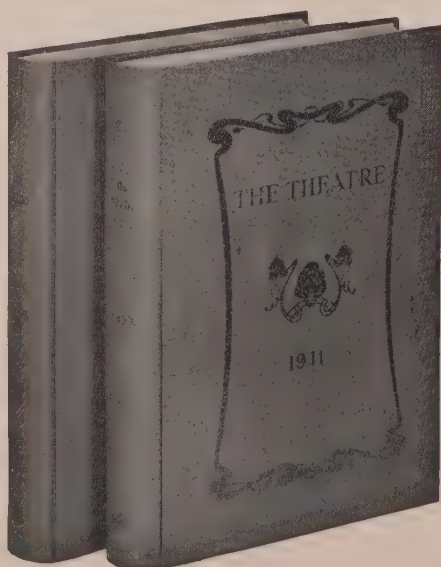
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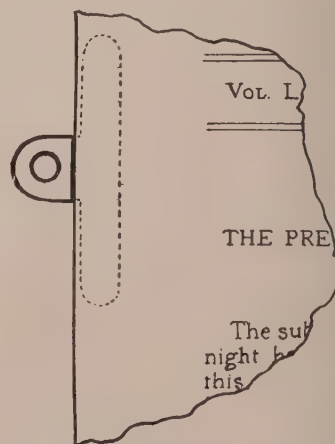
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FASHION'S NEWEST FANCIES FOR WINTER

WHY go to Paris to purchase gowns? The New York women who were so fortunate as to see the wonderful displays of Paris fashions, as presented during the past month by our progressive shops, will aver that it is a waste of time and nerve energy.

The fashion exhibition proved that the very newest creations of the leading French couturiers are to be had right in our own shops, and the woman who insists upon creations bearing the name of only the best Parisian dressmakers has a wide selection in the home establishments, and she who is content with a reproduction will, for one-third the price perhaps, get a garment so exact in every detail that it will not be distinguishable from the original model. This was unshakably proved by the models at one of the recent exhibits.

GOWNS.

To convince you, I will just mention a few of the wonderful French creations noticed at these displays. A charming model by Paquin in "Besnard," a beautiful new shade ranging between the cherry and rose, attracted much attention.

The exceptionally graceful draperies of the velvet underdress were caught up in a delightful way by a velvet bow, at the front side of the modified pannier and the back showed a drooping panel coat effect, over the pannier. The underarm pieces, the lower, mousquetaire, sleeves and the Medici collar were of velvet, while the rest of the gown was of a matching tissue brocade, the gold threads making an exquisite combination with the Besnard. Sleeve frills and a pretty jabot of fine creamy lace afforded a pleasing relief. Of course, there was fur on the gown, and this took the form of bandings around the neck and at the edges of the panel and sleeves.

An exquisite Poiret gown showed many new style features. The plain underdress was of white satin and the open front tunic of gold tulle, edged with a unique silver fringe. Over this was worn a tunic in long, coatee effect, of white shadow lace with a scattered floral design worked in beads in the prismatic tones. The edge was banded with a handsome trimming combining pearls, corals and rhinestones. Vari-colored roses of ribbon, folded to produce flat effects, were set against a background of bead embroidered foliage. These afforded a novel and new favorite trimming for the corners of the lace tunic and the finish for the deep décolletage corsage. The sleeves are especially noteworthy in that they were of the gold net in mousquetaire style, falling well over the hands, and the shadow lace forming a pretty, short oversleeve.

WRAPS.

A Callot wrap in chiffon plush displayed the new drapery effects most beautifully. It was in the beautiful shade of midnight blue, which formed a most effective background for the exquisite Jap-

anese silver embroidery of the entire upper section. The embroidery ended in a point near the back waistline where the drapery was attached and fell in low classic folds across the back. The front fulness was gracefully caught together at the low side fastening. It had the new dolman sleeve, which is sure to be a favorite because it fits quite closely at the edge. In this model natural marabout formed the bandings. This was such a beautiful model that I inquired the price, and was surprised to learn it is only \$175.

Some of the reproductions are worth telling you about. I saw one that will be worn at the Horse Show. It was of the softest velveteen in the new popular shade of fuchsia. It was lined with soft silk and had an interlining of French wool. It was made up in the pretty modified pannier effect with the edges outlined in natural marabout. The sleeves had the new close fit at the wrist. This was a copy from a Francis model, and I am told it can be had in any desired color at only \$59.50.

I saw one wrap that was perfectly adorable. It was made up of double-faced plush, very light in weight and yet so deliciously warm. This model was in the new three-quarter length with the desirable straight lines and a round edge at the back, all the fulness being caught at the lower front corners and brought up to the low fastening. The upper edges formed adjustable, deep revers and all the edges were bound in narrow black velvet. It was a delightfully comfortable wrap in an exclusive black and white pattern and would do equal service for day or evening wear.

SIMPLICITY IN GOWNS.

In all these Paris fashion exhibitions simplicity was the keynote. The fabrics were handsome, the colors rich and the trimmings magnificent, but the developments were simple. This was especially apparent in the tailored suits and one-piece

gowns, and this particularly recalls to me the exquisite, simple gowns of Miss Martha Hedman, the charming little lady who is doing such excellent work in "The Attack" at the Garrick Theatre.

Particularly good lines are displayed in the one-piece dress of velour-de-laine in Copenhagen blue. It is a Poiret model, and the perfectly plain skirt is gathered to the bodice at a slightly elevated waistline and falls in long, straight, graceful effect. A simple girdle of silk cord in blue and purple, ending in tassels, encircles the waist and forms a finish for the neck. The only relief is a small, quaint lace collar. This, like all Miss Hedman's gowns, has long sleeves.

Another of this popular actress' charmingly simple dresses is of white crêpe chiffon with three frills of lace over an underdress of white charmeuse, the dainty trimming of which is especially noteworthy. The skirt has a deep flounce edged with a lace frill, above which is a banding of pale blue satin ribbon overlaid with lace. The waist of the underdress is trimmed with similar bandings that



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form a delicate background for the semi-transparent bodice that is developed along simple lines.

The dainty collar of this gown is of the material and is merely hemstitched. It outlines the round neck, beginning at the front sides very narrow and falling in a deep, round effect to the slightly heightened waistline at the back.

Miss Hattie Williams had a similar shaped collar of matching lace on her coral gown in "The Girl from Montmartre." By the way, a few days ago I saw a reproduction of this gown in white in one of our leading shops.

EVENING GOWNS.

This brings me back to the shops and recalls a gown that one of our prominent specialty shops is making up for the Horse Show. It is very simple, but most effective. The underdress is of royal blue messaline, and the overdress of black net handsomely embroidered in steel beads and gold threads falls in a long, straight tunic effect. The bodice of net is developed so the embroidered edges outline the dainty vest of puffed white net, a favorite new style note, which forms a low, square neck. Small flat bows of blue messaline afford a pleasing trimming down the centre front. The short black net sleeves fall over undersleeves of the puffed

white net. A girdle of blue messaline falls in a single short sash end, which is edged with metal fringe. It is probable that this gown would be made up to order in any color.

FURS.

Of course, you have noticed that fur seems to be trimming everything nowadays, and the approaching cold weather will bring out the rich fur garments.

The other day I saw a beautiful set of ermine that is to bring pleasure to a Western society woman on Christmas day. It was made up in long stole effect and the muff was prettily developed along new lines. It was of white satin overlaid with ermine, and at the lower edge the satin showed as a deep puffing. Straps of ermine crossed the puffing and held together the shorter fur portions. The effect was very dressy. The stole was made up in the new solid skin effect. There were eighteen skins used, each finished separately and the charming result with the eighteen tails in three rows on the front can be pictured. A delightful Christmas gift, isn't it?

At the same shop I saw a Russian Marten set in which the rich brown tones were beautifully blended. You know brown furs are to be quite popular this winter. The set consists of a shawl collar with the new side closing, and the muff which had the stripes ex-



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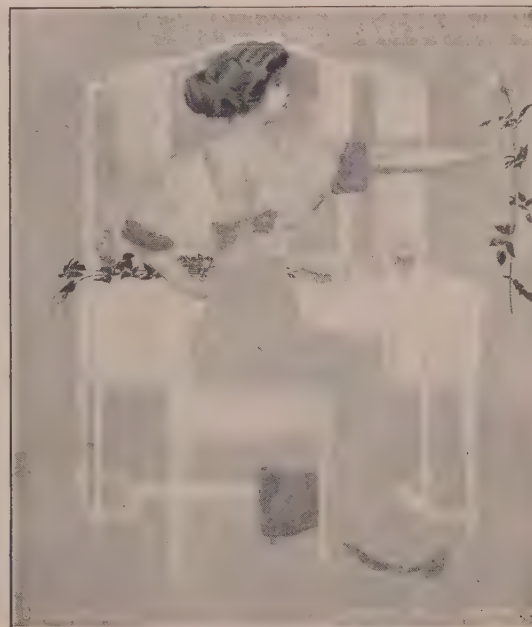
Also a list of the complete casts of some of the earlier New York productions in which Miss Maude Adams took part and where they were produced.

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tending diagonally, a novel as well as a decidedly pretty effect. And the fur coats! They are simply luxurious. The seven-eighths length is seen in most of the coats just now and this is comfortable for automobile wear, but not practical for general purposes, and so far for walking and general wear the smart three-quarter length will probably be accepted. The modified pannier effects are prominent in the new fur coats. I noticed one the other day, made up in mole in stripe effect. You know this is a new idea, and is produced by reversing the fur. The back lines of this coat were perfectly straight and beautiful, the slight pannier drapery being confined to the front. The large collar and cuffs were of white fox fur, of course, the fashionable coat this winter shows two different pelts. This coat was extremely handsome, and not at all exorbitant in price.

The richness displayed by this year's trimmings, laces and velvets is also a characteristic feature of the woolen materials shown for Winter wear.

It seems almost unbelievable that such a soft, smooth, satin-like finish could be put into woolens without the mixture of silk. Yet this soft sheen is achieved without the aid of silk, but through the peculiar weave and treatment of the material.

Two wonderful examples of the weaver's art are "Baby Lamb Cloth" and "Kitten's Ear" for dresses and suits.

The names themselves are suggestive of the delicate softness of the texture of the materials. "Baby Lamb Cloth" is so like the fur of the baby lamb that from a distance even the practiced eye is deceived.

This material may be had in becoming shades of laurier, taupe, mole, vareuse, navy and black.

The wonderful softness of the material so aptly called "Kitten's Ear" lends itself beautifully to the artistic draping effects of this season. This material is offered only in the always rich, appropriate black.

"Embossed Ratine"—another of this season's materials—is of such ultra-rich quality that its prohibitive price assures it of a permanently exclusive position in the realm of woolen fabrics.

Combined with cloth, or used as a trimming, it is most effective and smart.

"Peau d'Agneau" and "Peau de Chamois" are the names of two other ratine materials which will be very popular this season.

"Fish-scales Zibelines," in black, white, navy, Oxford and brown are being used extensively for suits and coats by the smartest tailors.

"Two-Tone Velour Majestic" sounds like the name of a velvet,

but it is in reality a woolen fabric. The name was evidently chosen because of the luxurious and stately richness of the fabric.

"Peluche Florentine" is a light-weight plush which lends itself admirably to collars and cuffs, and also to draping.

Corded materials in velvets and woolens are used extensively for dresses and suits.

Among the velvets, "Peau de Suede Corduroy" holds first place for popularity. "Bernard Uncut Velvet Cord" is also extremely smart.

Among the woolen fabrics "Ottoman de Laine" in shades of taupe, blue and black; and Bedford Cord are the leaders.

Prominent among clinging crepe chiffons is Callot Crepe of a dull, soft finish.

One of the largest New York importers is introducing a dream in Charmeuse called "Faille Charmeuse." It may be had in taupe, tobacco, mole and prune.

"Voile Crochet" is an entirely new fabric on the market. It has the rich appearance of Irish crochet and the sheerlike texture of Voile.

Favorite among satins, which hold a high place this season, is the "Worth Satin." This satin is of an unusually beautiful finish, and the wide selection of colors in which it may be had, makes it adaptable for smart street dresses as well as charmingly beautiful evening gowns.

"Paquin Satin" is a novelty among satins, which will appeal to the practical. Finished the same on both sides, there is no left or right to it. Hence, when one side has done service, the other may be used.

Try as we may, we can give only a faint suggestion of the beauty of these materials imported by Haas Bros. of New York. The most vivid imagination cannot do justice to the exquisite texture of these fabrics. *They must be seen to be appreciated.*

Good dressmakers and tailors have the Haas Blue Book of samples. Ask your dressmaker or tailor to let you select the material you desire from its wide line of samples, and you are assured of having the best.

BED JACKETS.

These cool nights compel us to turn our attention to sleeping garments. Of course, we sleep with open windows all winter, and many of us do not care to discard the daintily embroidered nainsook night dress for the comfortable flannel and yet additional bed-apparel is necessary. And here is where the charming bed jackets come to our rescue. They are lovely, too, when breakfasting in bed and invalids find them so convenient. These loose, shortback jackets are easily slipped on, and while comfort-



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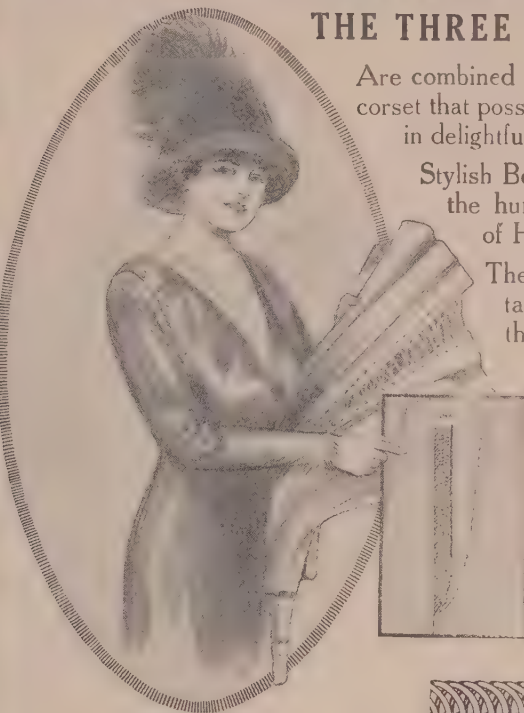
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1332.

AFTERNOON FROCK FROM
LANE BRYANT

day this week. It was of China silk, all accordeon-pleated. A deep collar was pin-tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. The V opening had a lace inset and the bottom edge, that was cut in points, was finished off with a frill of the lace, and it was so reasonable, only \$6.75.

CORSETS.

While at the theatre the other evening, I overheard my neighbor saying, "Oh dear! This corset is just about killing me. I haven't broken it in yet, and it digs into my side so, I am perfectly miserable," and I wanted so much to tell the unfortunate sufferer about the corsets that she ought to wear.

Flexibility is the present keynote of all corsets, and none should "dig in the side," but I know of one that has a patent side boning which bends with the body, and whether the wearer bends backward, forward or sideways, the corset bends, too; so it is impossible to be in the state of discomfort that the lady mentioned was. It seems to me the woman is rather foolish to wear a corset that must be "broken in," when she might, for the same money, have one that feels perfectly comfortable at the very first wearing. And then these stays do not break out either like the ordinary ones, but since they are absolutely pliable, they will retain their shape and preserve the graceful lines of the corset until it is discarded for the new model. Another excellent feature of this corset is the broken bone near the bottom of the back, which obviates the necessity of several attempts before one is comfortable in a sitting posture.

Special attention has evidently been given to the trimmings of these corsets as they are so practical, and then they are in the soft, flat effect that obviates the ugly lines which are often so annoying. In the popular priced models the top is finished off

able, they are very dainty. One I saw the other day was made up of crêpe de chine. The bottom was in pointed effect and edged with wide lace frills. A yoke in German Valenciennes lace was square shaped in front, and edged with a frill. It was finished off with a ribbon shower at the low front fastening. The short, pointed sleeves fell over dainty sleeves of net and both were edged with a frill.

And then there were the dearest bed jackets in crêpe de chine over China silk either in matching or contrasting shades. The edges are loose and finished off with narrow lace frills. As the silk lining extends a little, it gives the effect of double frills that is very charming. Double choux of ribbon adorn the front and conceal the attachment of the four ribbon ends that are tied to close the garment.

Some of these jackets have insets of lace to form a pretty border and all of them are sufficiently attractive to wear as boudoir jackets.

(I know of one shop where they are made up to order, which makes it possible to select your own color.)

This reminds me of a matinee I saw in a little shop one

with a broad banding of embroidery, which will stand general wear, and in the high-grade models there is a satin ribbon banding, which will not easily tear. An exquisite model in satin broché has a broad, white satin band at the top, below which extends a banding of shadow lace in Van Dyke points, which are outlined by a tiny frill of satin ribbon. The joining of the lace and ribbon band is concealed by trimming of silk cord in a pretty loop design. A bow finishes off the front.

While mentioning corsets I just want to say that it is surprising how careless women are in purchasing this article of dress, which actually determines the "style" of the wearer. And where we have so many shops that specialize on corsets, and where experienced salespeople will fit any figure, there is no excuse for ill-fitting corsets or the discomfort of the lady in the theatre.

TOILET PREPARATIONS.

Speaking of lotions makes me think of an inquiry I had the other day for something "good for pimples." I lost no time in telling the writer of a place where such ailments as pimples and eruptions are especially treated. But I also mentioned a lotion that can be applied at home, and as this is such a prevalent skin disturbance you may be interested to know about the treatment, too. Good things, like this, should be passed along, you know.

The manufacturer has made an exhaustive study of skin afflictions and has evolved a preparation that will effect a prompt and permanent cure, which is certainly gratifying to those afflicted with these annoying skin disturbances. And in these days of nervous strain, and the constant rush, which is the evil root of irregular habits, the victims of pimples and skin eruptions are counted by the thousands. And why go about with disfiguring pimples upon the face when they can so quickly and effectually be removed?

Why, the other day I saw a fashionably attired girl on Fifth avenue, and I could hardly believe my eyes. She actually had three blackheads on her cheek! I felt so sorry for her and wanted to tell her about a simple lotion that would remove them so speedily. And I really felt she ought to know that not only were these ugly spots disfiguring her otherwise pretty face, but neglecting them was only inviting more serious and distressing skin troubles. However, I passed on and I am hoping she will read this.

It seemed to be my fate, that day, to meet persons "in distress"—that is, I considered their state one of distress—and in each instance I had an almost uncontrollable desire to offer the "first aid."

This time it was a woman of avoirdupois who, I imagine, would have appreciated my assistance, but tact refrained me from telling her of a simple treatment that would do wonders for her. I know one woman who lost thirty-three pounds within a year, and is delighted over the return of her youthful lines in figure. Like Madame Nordica, this woman says she has "discovered a restorative of youth." You know Nordica returned from her summer vacation minus twenty pounds, and look-

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

8 West 38th Street, New York

ing very much younger. She confessed that she had indulged in a treatment because "fatness is not only the enemy of youth, but of beauty as well."

She is not, as yet, willing to divulge her secret, but as long as we have such an excellent preparation in the market, we can abide her pleasure. The one I refer to is a treatment that really reduces the unhealthy fat, which, by the way, is the cause of so many disturbances in the general health. Then, too, it feeds the nerves and builds up the system generally. It is worth trying anyway. As it is used externally, it cannot cause organic disturbances, and since it requires no change in diet nor interferes with the daily routine of living, there is absolutely no harm in trying it.

DRESS ACCESSORIES.

I started this as a fashion talk, but I have widely digressed—still what is more necessary to correct fashions than a perfect figure and a clear complexion? So I haven't got so far away from my subject after all—but to return.

I suppose you have noticed the mode of wearing a single flower as an evening corsage bouquet? The other day I saw some black roses that I think would look very smart, embedded in white tulle, for the popular black and white toilette. The tulle effect is a present fancy. And then these black roses with their velvet and satin petals give a rich contrast to the amber gowns that are now such favorites. A pretty one for the tulle combination can be had at \$1.45, while a perfectly handsome, large one is \$2.25. Beauties in red are only \$1.25.

POWDERED COIFFURES.

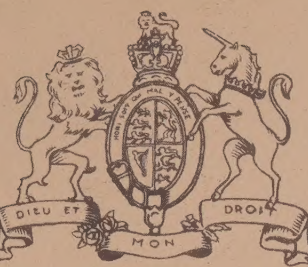
Speaking of the theatre reminds me of the white coiffures I noticed there the other evening. Of course you know that at the recent French races some of the women appeared with powdered hair and, naturally, the style of Madame de Pompadour was quickly taken up by the women of fashion in Paris, and now it has reached our shores. Our women, however, not favoring the idea of powdered tresses, are substituting white wigs. Even though this mode is still in its infancy, it is probable that before the end of the season it will be an established vogue. One firm is already busy filling orders. They make up puffs, fronts and entire wigs, and as the material used is not real hair, but yack, which is perfectly sanitary and makes up into charming coiffures which are vastly becoming, the cost is nominal.

And so the woman with prematurely gray locks can be perfectly happy.

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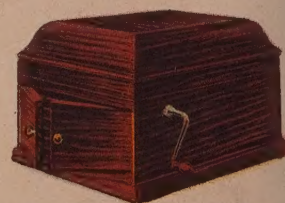
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